

THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1943

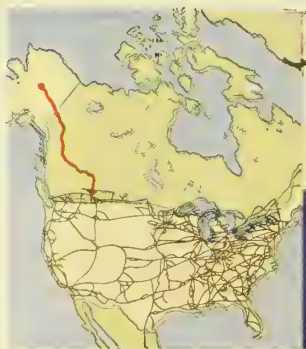




"Roll 'er through to Fairbanks!"

Greyhound serves America-at-War along the Alaska Military Highway

THE OUTLINE MAP shows the Alaska Highway (heavy line, including both highway and rail links) in relation to the 68,000-mile Greyhound System and its principal bus line connections.



No, you can't ride a Greyhound Super-Coach to Alaska over the Alaska Highway . . . not today!

But, just the same, *Greyhound buses have followed the bulldozers on the Alcan!* Operating under direction of the Northwest Service Command they are carrying the military and civilian personnel that is building, strengthening, protecting the great road. The Alaska Military Highway is an everlasting tribute to the courage and skill of the Army

Engineer Corps . . . what's more, it is America's pledge to the world that we'll run the greedy little Japs clear back to Tokyo and beyond! It's a pledge, too, of lifelong cooperation and friendship between Canada and the United States.

After Victory comes, who can doubt that roads and buses will work together to develop the wonderland of western Canada and Alaska, just as they have worked to give America its most convenient and flexible transportation—in *peacetime and in war!*

GREYHOUND

Three years ago American automobile owners started an

80,000,000 MILE ROAD TEST of B. F. Goodrich Ameripol tires

A few of the many companies that helped make the greatest auto tire test in history...

One of the great companies that volunteered to help get America's synthetic rubber program started was American Airlines. The tires tested on this light service car proved that synthetic was a practical answer to the nation's rubber problem.



This is a convoy car which drives around checking up on the armored trucks operated by Brink's, Inc. It has a lot of traveling to do, so it meant something when this company reported enthusiastically about the new tires—made with B. F. Goodrich Ameripol.



No great American company, but just a great American, was the under-sheriff of Juneau County, Wisconsin. He drove our synthetic tires on his car for months. Before they wore out, thousands more people were convinced that synthetic was okay!



Other leading companies that bought Ameripol tires in 1940 and 1941

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO. . . . AMERICAN CAN CO. . . . BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD BLACK-SILVALLS-BRYSON THE BORDEN CO. . . . J. I. CASE CO. . . . GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO. . . . GENERAL BAKING CO. . . . GULF OIL CORPORATION GEO. A. HORMEL & CO. . . . INGERSOLL-RAND CO. . . . KELLOGG COMPANY NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. . . . PET MILK SALES CORP. . . . RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO. . . . STANDARD BRANDS, INC. . . . SWIFT & COMPANY THE TEXAS CO. . . . U. S. GYPSUM CO. . . . WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND MANY OTHERS

With over half the rubber synthetic, these passenger car tires were forerunners of today's all-synthetic Silvertowns. Read how hundreds of companies helped to get America's synthetic rubber program started.

Eighteen months before Pearl Harbor, men from all over America hurried to a meeting in New York. They had been told to expect an announcement of importance. And they heard one!

The first synthetic tire ever sold to the public was announced by B. F. Goodrich—the Ameripol Silvertown. People were asked to buy these tires—in order to test them under actual driving conditions.

The result was the greatest road test of passenger car tires in history . . . a test that totaled 80,000,000 miles. The car owners themselves proved that auto tires containing more than 50% Ameripol synthetic—made in our own plant—were as good as or better than those made entirely of crude rubber. Thus the nation's program for freedom from foreign rubber sources was given an enthusiastic start.

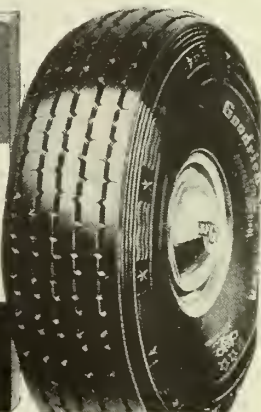
Under government direction the synthetic program has be-

come one of the outstanding engineering achievements of all time.

Today, with stocks of crude rubber at a danger point, more than 99% of the natural rubber in our passenger car tires has been replaced by "GR-S" synthetic from government-owned plants.

B. F. Goodrich sincerely appreciates the contribution to America's new rubber independence by the companies and car owners participating in the 80,000,000-mile road test. The experience we gained through that test has helped us to make today's dependable, high-quality synthetic Silvertowns to help keep America's essential passenger cars in service.

Naturally, most of these new synthetic tires have been ordered to "battle stations." It is still necessary to save every ounce of your tires. Then, when the present crisis is past, you can say, "I helped see America through."



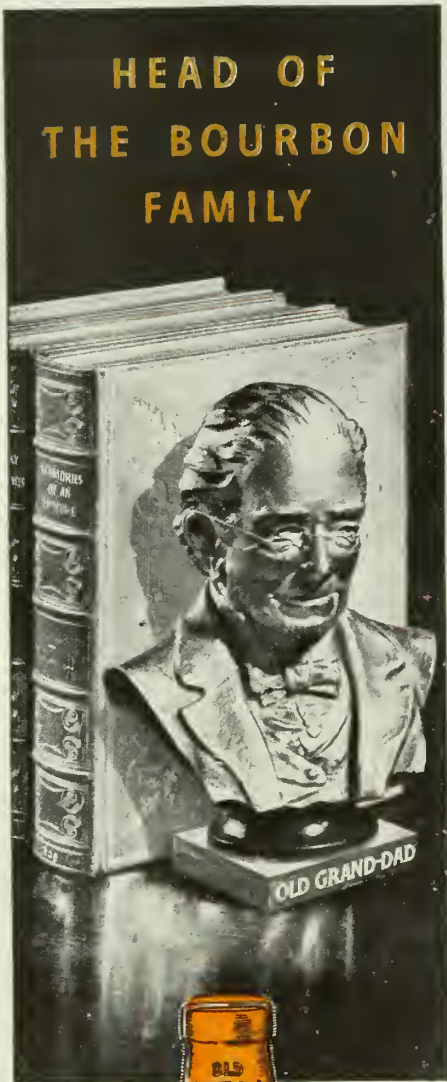
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This Whiskey
is 4 Years Old

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.



BOTTLED IN BOND 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

The Message Center

SUPPLEMENTING what the National Commander and Worth Shumaker have to say in articles on pages 7 and 22 respectively, we present herewith a portion of an excellent address by Judge Hamilton Hicks of Chappaqua Post to the Westchester County Legion Convention, the past summer. We regret that lack of space prevents our quoting the entire address, which the County Convention ordered printed for distribution to the delegates at the convention of the Department of New York, August 13th-14th.

Judge Hicks: "... Liberty's source is not merely the democratic principle of majority rule which, without the bulwark of our Constitution, could result in tyranny by the majority over the minority. Liberty under our political and economic system derives from:

- "1. The Constitution, which protects our minorities from the whims and prejudices of our majorities.
- "2. The right to own property guaranteed by our Constitution.
- "3. Our republican form of government created by the Constitution, which requires that laws be made by elected representatives,

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IMPORTANT: A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

RADIONICS*

“AYE, AYE, SIR.”

In old English “Aye” meant “Yes.” But the Navy’s “Aye, Aye, Sir” means far more. It really says . . . “Your order is understood and will be obeyed.” The Navy has given Zenith many “orders” since the war began. Our prompt “Aye, Aye, Sir” has, we believe, been justified by the “intelligence and initiative” (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.



**“the impossible we do
immediately . . .
the miraculous takes
a little longer”**

—ARMY SERVICE FORCES

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of “firsts”—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like “child’s play.”

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the “impossible” possible and accomplished the “miraculous.”

*—mark that word “RADIONICS” (with its subdivisions —Electronics, Radar and Radio)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the “impossible” and “miraculous” categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright “tomorrow” when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

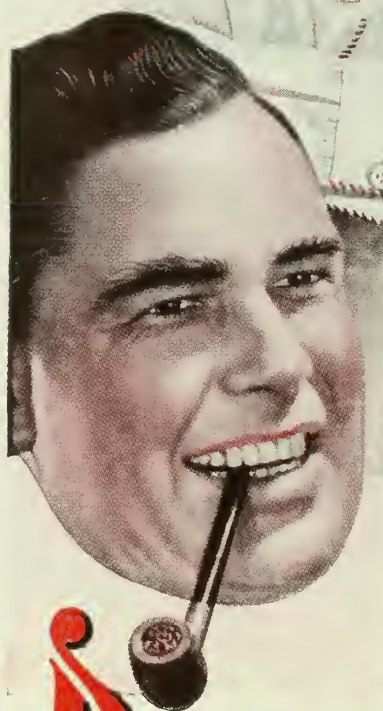
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO

BETTER THAN CASH

U. S. War Savings Stamps
and Bonds

ZENITH
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE
RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD’S LEADING MANUFACTURER

*Life smiles on the
man with*
**Pipe
*Appeal**



Blonde or
brunette—they
prefer the man who
smokes a pipe! But don't let 'em
down! Follow through—with true
PIPE APPEAL! Put Prince Albert
in the bowl. **FRAGRANCE** to
keep 'em smiling—on a date—at
home—in the office—anywhere.
GOOD TASTE to keep you
smiling—rich taste, yet *mild* and
mellow, easy on your tongue.
P. A. is no-bite treated, crimp cut.

**PRINCE
*ALBERT**

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobac-
co in every handy pocket
package of Prince Albert

70

fine roll-your-own ciga-
rettes in everyhandypocket
package of Prince Albert



BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

**IT'S THE NO-BITE
SMOKE —
THE RICH TASTE
COMES THROUGH
MILDLY!**



THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

who must deliberate and act
fairly or risk defeat at the polls.

"Freedom as we know and cherish it
cannot exist without these essentials of
free government. Americans understood
this when liberty was rare and we were
proud to be the only great people to
have fully achieved it. . . .

"The very root of individual freedom
is security in the ownership of private
property. Ask your neighbor whether he
understands that basic principle of the
American Constitution. You may be
shocked at his ignorance. Examine the
textbooks used in your public schools.
You will be shocked at the slight em-
phasis, if any, placed on this first tenet
of a free society, and chagrined by the
great emphasis placed upon social theo-
ries which are secondary. . . .

"Republican government means rep-
resentative government. Representative
government is inherent in the Constitu-
tion which we are pledged to uphold. It
means that the majority may not make
laws in the heat of passion or haste, as
majorities will when given the reins. . . .

"Every community now has a school
plant which is so large that the com-
munity cannot support it. School dis-
tricts, therefore, rely in part on State
aid which means that the State can dic-
tate the local educational policy. That
means that a small group of persons,
over whom local citizens have no con-
trol, can determine how your child and
mine shall be educated. We, as parents,
have no choice because education is
compulsory. And what happens to that
small, remote, controlling group? It is
subjected to powerful pressure to place
itself under a national Director of Edu-
cation at Washington who shall have
'complete autonomy,' with a budget run-
ning into millions, to 'try anything with-
in reason at least once,' to 'assemble the
educational brains of the country wher-
ever they are found,' to speak to educa-
tors 'in no uncertain tones and words,
guaranteeing' security if the people will
work for the new world of abundance.
(See *Now is the Moment*, by Harold
Rugg, p. 234-235.)

"In other words, through the creation
of a great educational bureaucracy it
is proposed that our schools, no longer
under the control of their owners, the
local taxpayers, shall come under the
domination of one man in Washington
with power to try anything on your
children at least once."

THE *Military Review* of the Army's
Command and General Staff School,
published in the past, four times a year,
is now a monthly magazine, well worth
the three dollars a year it costs to sub-
scribe. You can get it through the Book
Department of the School, Fort Leaven-
worth, Kansas.

THE EDITORS

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Powered by Ford!

**The Nation's No. 1 Producer of Heavy-Rated Aircraft Engines
Delivers Power Plants by the Thousands for Bombers, Fighters
and Cargo Planes in Action All Over the World!**

TODAY, Ford is the nation's largest producer of 2000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney engines used in the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, the Martin B-26 bomber, the Curtiss C-46 cargo ship and other famous fighting planes.

Recently two engines were taken apart—one made by Ford, the other by Pratt & Whitney. The parts were then scrambled. When reassembled both engines gave top-flight performance. A variation of even a fractional thousandth of an inch at certain points would have made such a feat impossible. This proves that mass-produced parts—the first and the millionth—are precision twins differing from others only in cost.

Other Ford plants are delivering fleets of war models every day. On some of these projects Ford has *extra capacity* to produce even *more* armaments if needed.

Under free enterprise, mass production became the main source of America's high standard of living. Today mass production is America's greatest weapon for war!

F O R D M O T O R C O M P A N Y

**FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES
DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS**

M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS
PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBERS
TRANSPORT GLIDERS • JEEPS
UNIVERSAL CARRIERS • AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS • GUN MOUNTS
RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • ARMOR PLATE
MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.



F U L L P R O D U C T I O N F O R V I C T O R Y



Awarded to the Detroit and
Muskegon Plants of
Continental Motors
Corporation
for High Achievement

POWER TO WIN

At harvest time, Continental Red Seal Power will be playing an important part to win the battle for food.

For many years, Continental Red Seal Engines have powered implements produced by the world's finest farm machinery builders, and this year again will be doing vital jobs on thousands of America's farms.

Your Dollars Are Power, Too . . . Buy War Bonds

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN





"Education for Victory"

By ROANE WARING

National Commander, The American Legion

THE GREAT BATTLES for free government were won in the past through the teaching of patriotism and good citizenship in the schools of our nation. Over the years the schools maintained a program of education for youth which created in them a desire and a will to perpetuate the great gains made in liberty and justice. A desire to fight, even to death, for the preservation of our homes and free institutions was inculcated in the hearts of youth.

The theme, "Education For Victory," which has been selected for American Education Week, to be celebrated in November, is quite appropriate since our schools are openly challenged today, since education in the United States faces a crisis. The suspicion that the schools in recent years have had much extraneous material introduced in them by social-science extremists, and that the teaching of American history, geography, civics, the sciences, mathematics, vocational-technical trades and physical fitness has been neglected, has been verified by the educational measurements established and used in this war.

We will enter American Education Week in 1943 with the realization that our schools are facing a grave emergency. This emergency is not insurmountable; it can be overcome. In fact, I have great faith in the schools of America. I am confident that our schools will return to the teaching of funda-

mentals in the critical year that is ahead of us.*

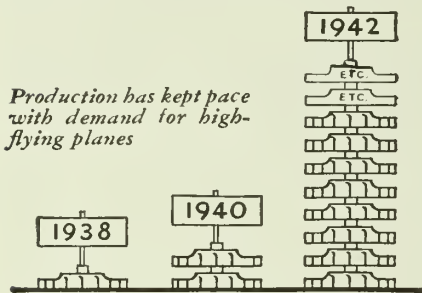
This means that our schools in 1943-1944, without lowering any standards, will revamp their curricula. Factual history, geography and civics must be taught not just merely mentioned in glamorous social, political and economic-reform courses. Mathematics, the sciences, and vocational-technical training courses must receive new emphasis, and a superior physical fitness program (including preinduction basic military training for secondary school pupils) must be a compulsory requirement for all pupils. A knowledge of the Constitution of our country, love of country and devotion to its welfare, reasons why our boys are fighting and dying on far-flung battlefields, and an understanding of the freedoms inherent in a republic—these, and kindred democratic ideals and principles, must be included in the teaching in every elementary and high school of America.

The "Education For Victory" program of American Education Week, 1943, should provide curriculum content essential to winning the war, winning the peace, and maintaining all of the fundamental precepts contained in our form of government and basic charters of liberty. Such are the ideals and objectives of The American Legion; to the attainment of these the strength of more than a million Legionnaires is dedicated.

**See Not to Collectivism, page 22*

Pike's Peak to FUJIYAMA

IT takes a block-buster only a few seconds to fall from a high-flying U. S. bomber to its bull's-eye on Berlin or Naples or Tokio. But it took almost 25 years to get the plane up there to drop the bomb. For where



some of our planes are flying today—on top of practically anything that flies—the air is so thin that a plane engine would lose about four-fifths of its rated sea-level horsepower if it weren't equipped with a *turbosupercharger*.

It was back in the days of World War I that the Army Air Corps first asked General Electric engineers to tackle the problem of feeding plane engines air under pressure to cure the loss of power at high altitudes. The

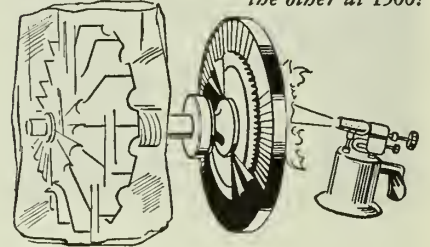
result was the turbosupercharger—a device that scoops in 60-below-zero air and crams it down the engine's windpipe to provide the same amount of oxygen it would normally get at sea level. And since the turbosupercharger takes its power from the engine's own red-hot exhaust gases, it almost makes the plane lift itself by its own bootstraps.

The first success came in 1918, on Pike's Peak, where a supercharged Liberty engine, rated at 350 horsepower, actually delivered 356 horsepower at 14,000 feet. That was just the beginning. For 20-odd years G-E engineers worked to improve the device. When the present war broke out, it was ready—a potent, all-American weapon which the Axis, for all its years of war preparation, could not match. Today all of America's big bombers are equipped with turbosuperchargers. And all of these turbosuperchargers are built either by General Electric or in the plants of two other manufacturers from G-E designs.

The turbosupercharger is just one of many engineering near-miracles developed in industrial laboratories in time to put on a uniform and begin

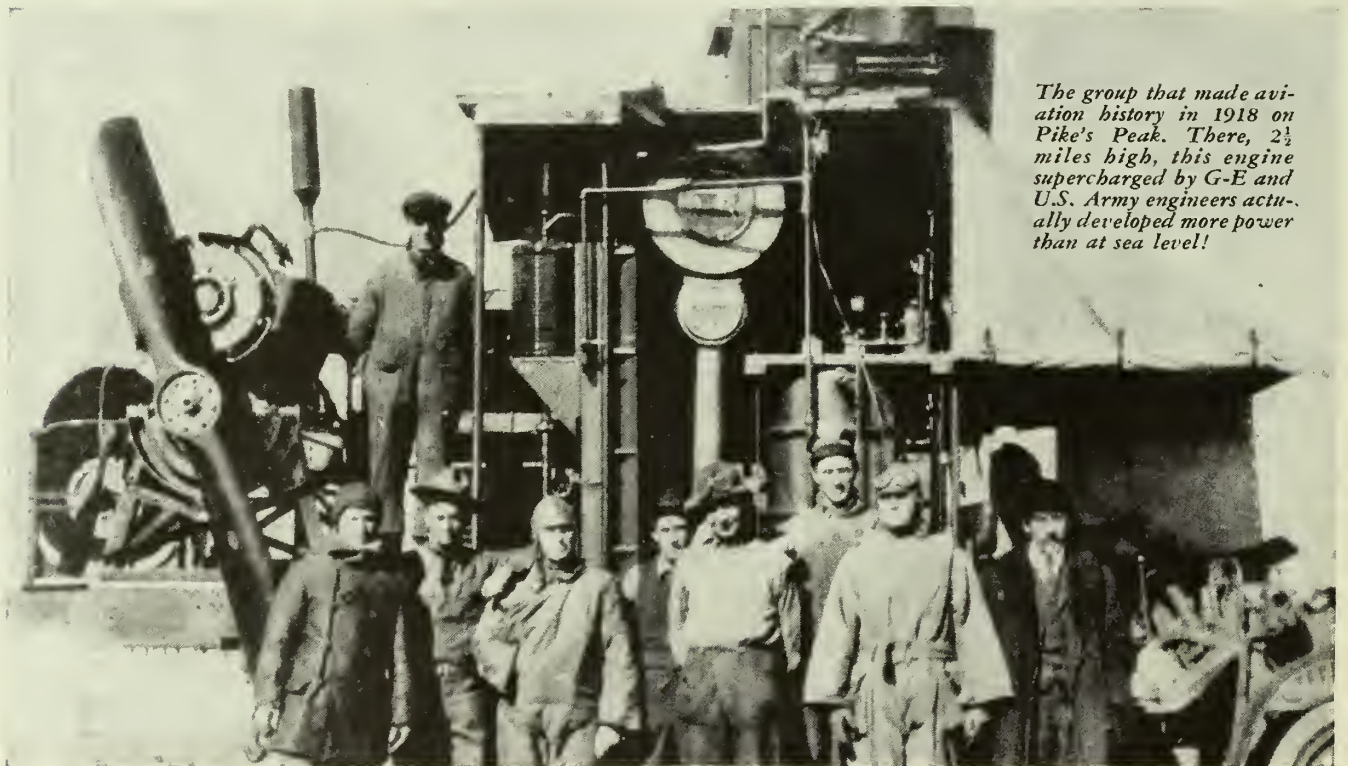
fighting for America. We have them because of the happy combination of ingenuity and perseverance which has always characterized American industry. It is a combination that will have a lot to do with winning the war, and with building the better world hereafter. For then the men who are

One end operates at minus 67 degrees, the other at 1500!



building fighting machines will be back on the job of providing better peacetime things for all of us. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: The "Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC — "The World Today" news, weekdays 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



The group that made aviation history in 1918 on Pike's Peak. There, 2½ miles high, this engine supercharged by G-E and U.S. Army engineers actually developed more power than at sea level!

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD IS IN THIS COUNTRY'S FUTURE—BUY WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-490C1-211

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

English Channel is Right

By FRED B. BARTON



Rehearsal of a "line of battle" that will become a grim reality to the Nazis in the west

YOU and I will not be there when the United States and British forces invade Europe. Your sons and nephews may be there. If they come back safely—and God grant that they do—it will be in part because of just such planning as I can now describe to you.

It was my privilege during July to spend five days aboard a 900-ton British destroyer. Four of those days were spent in routine convoy and patrol duty. Routine? True, all of us slept in our clothes and lifebelts—every gun was kept loaded, every depth-charge readied, every nerve alert. Day and night signals were sent us from shore, from sister ships; suspicious sounds were picked up and explored; code messages arrived by blinker lights, by radio, by signal flags. But the voyage was serenely safe. That has become the routine, now that Britain has air and sea supremacy over the English Channel.

The fifth day brought us into maneuvers that were a rehearsal for actual invasion.

Everything was there but the troopships. Destroyers like our 900-ton job. Shrill little E-boats. Fleet ML's—motor-launches. And, neatest of all, trim little MTB's—motor torpedo boats, capable of nosing right into an enemy harbor, emptying either or both of their torpedos on an enemy ship at close range, and scooting away at the uncatchable speed of 45 knots.

Think of it as a football team. Part

It's become a Limey Lake, that strip between Britain and France, and the Paperhanger's forces gaze out on it fearfully, knowing that one day Dunkirk and Dieppe will be avenged. Here's an account of part of the dress rehearsal for invasion from the west

of our flotilla was anti-submarine, part anti-surface-ships, part anti-aircraft. Our job was to intercept and stop any enemy opposition, from either ship or mine.

From the bridge came the order: "Empty every gun." Our gun crews clipped the shells out of the twin four-inch guns on the forward deck, set them at safety, and lowered them down to the hold. On the rear deck the smaller guns were unloaded and the HE—high explosive shells—returned to the deck lockers. The Oerlikon guns on each side of the bridge were unloaded of their magazines. The Oerlikon is the gift of peaceful Switzerland to the war. It is small but it is fast and accurate and deadly.

Then began maneuvers beautiful to watch, fascinating to analyze, but impossible to describe.

Think of us as a huge V-shaped flotilla of protecting ships, with a wider spaced flank of faster ships on each side. Back of us and in the center would be troopships, when comes the invasion. Ahead of us was the enemy. Would he pounce on us in force? Very well; we pretended he was already there, and brought our guns to bear on him, in broadside strength. Would a single venturesome ship dart out from nowhere

and commit suicide, but also bring down some of our destroyers? We'd be set for just that. Gunners, aim at that flyspeck on your starboard horizon. Got it? Ready—fire your emptied guns!

From the bridge a constant stream of messages was sent and received. Signal flags waved aloft, for ours was the senior ship of its own small flotilla. As fast as the ships behind us caught the message they dipped their flags. When the last ship read the message through field-glasses it lowered its flag, and then our signalmen drew down the signals. No one but the trusted control officers knows what the signals mean, but we could see how the ships speeded up, changed course, and rearranged themselves with others in a new pattern in accordance with the orders. Now and then an MTB cut a groove in the smooth surface of the channel, swooping down on an imaginary enemy. One MTB I saw was commanded by a young American naval officer. It was part of the terribly beautiful game of destruction that nations call war.

At 11 that morning the U.S. fighter planes came overhead.

"That is America's contribution to the war," said our captain. pleasantly.

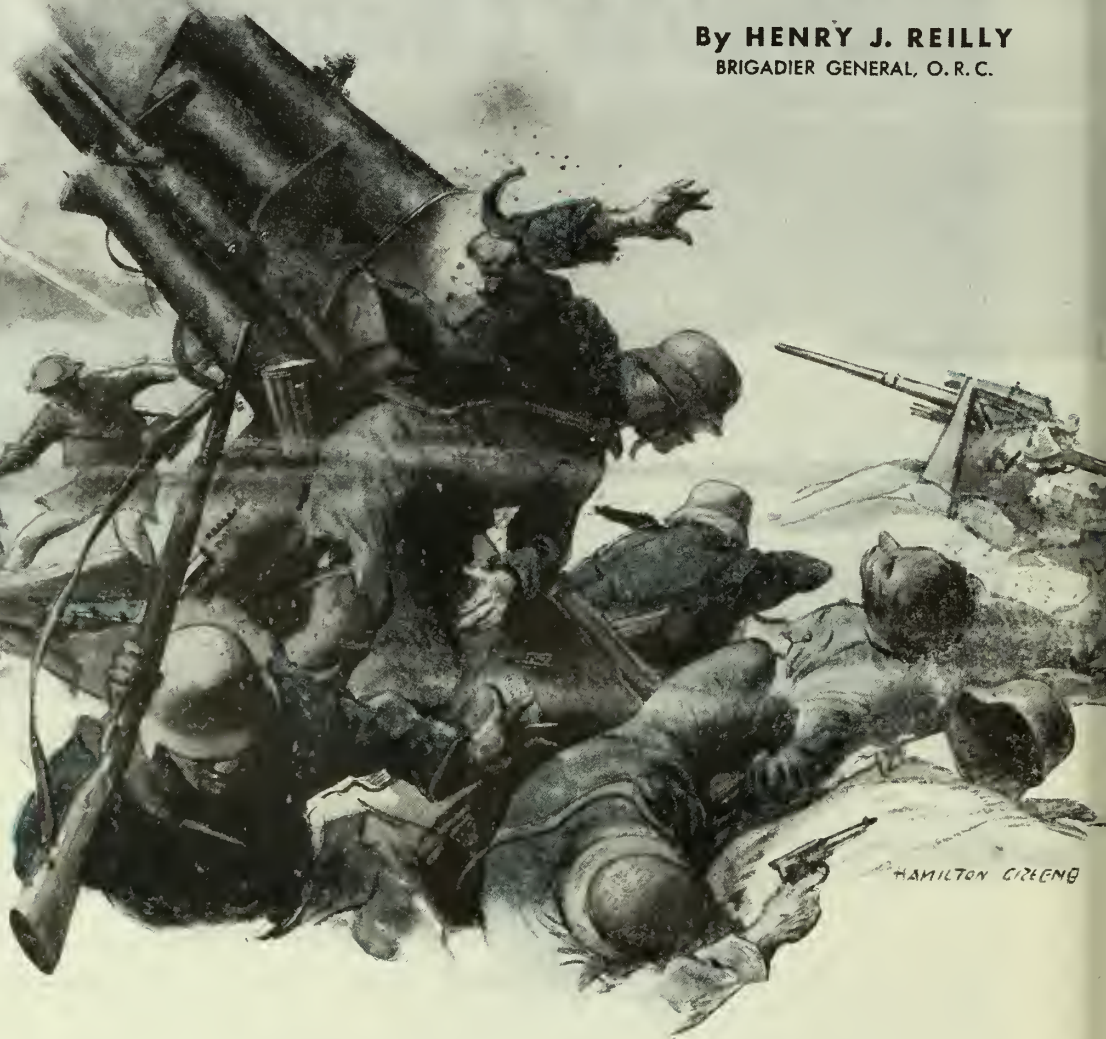
It was rehearsal day for the fighter planes. Pigeon-holed for the day was their task of bringing the war home to war-loving Germany, and of showing our enemies that war is not a heroic

(Continued on page 45)

Teamwork's Still the Answer

By HENRY J. REILLY
BRIGADIER GENERAL, O. R. C.

Montgomery's breakthrough at Alamein was accomplished by infantry attacks on the .88's following a heavy artillery barrage. Aviation's part was strategic bombing. The tank advance came later



THE average American has no interest in the discussions about aviation other than wanting to get the maximum use of aviation's war powers as a means to win the war.

The writer of this article knows this to be true because since returning from Europe he has spoken in 153 places in 43 States.

All over the country he has seen new factories building planes and has seen pilots, technicians and all the other personnel necessary being trained. This is being done on a scale which leaves no doubt that this country is well on the road to having the largest and best aviation in the world.

Therefore any dispute today involving aviation is not one as to the need to have such aviation dominance but as to the best way to use aviation in the world-wide war in which we are now engaged.

On one side are those who insist that aviation is powerful enough to win the war practically alone. They would have only enough ground troops and

sea forces to do auxiliary work for the air.

They insist that therefore aviation should be independent of the Army and Navy.

Back in 1921 the Italian General Giulio Douhet began writing along these lines. His writings became well known throughout Continental Europe and were translated into French and German. As

far as this writer knows they were not translated into English until years later, and then by an officer at our Command Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. This writer read them when they first came out in France.

Our civilian proponents of an independent air force discovered Douhet only recently. For convenience, let's call them Douhetites.



Our 35,000-ton battleship fought off three attacks by 84 Jap planes, shooting down 32 of them

All combat experience in the last two years has proved that this is the Pattern for Victory: Airplanes with ground troops for land fighting, airplanes with warships for sea fighting, airplanes with ground troops and warships for combined operations of all three branches

The opponents of the Douhetites say that the war to-date proves aviation alone cannot win, any more than ground troops alone can win on land, or warships alone win at sea.

They insist it is not a question of ground troops *versus* aviation, or warships *versus* aviation, but ground troops *with* aviation in fighting over land; warships *with* aviation in fighting at sea; and in fighting where land and sea are involved ground troops *with* warships *with* aviation.

This school insists that past wars and this one show that there has not been enough unity of command for combat purposes between the Army and Navy, so why add a third independent fighting force, *aviation*, to the two already existing?

Instead what is needed is a closer integration of the Army and Navy command, aviation to be included.

The model is the German High Command, which includes a staff made up of ground, sea and air officers, all trained in the powers and limitations of all arms. Also many of the generals, ground and air, and admirals are similarly trained.

Thus when army fighting is to be done ground troops and air, warships and air, or all three are placed under one commanding officer with a staff all trained to use all fighting forces in the best way to obtain victory.

The fundamental difference between the Douhetites and their opponents is that the first insist victory can come by bombing the rear—the factories, the



The heavily-bombed Sevastopol garrison made German ground troops pay a heavy price for every yard they advanced

Illustrated by HAMILTON GREENE

means of communication and even civilian homes, while the second insist as did Napoleon on land and Nelson at sea that victory, unconditional surrender, comes only through the destruction of the enemy's armed forces.

The first believe, to paraphrase Mr. Churchill's famous remark, that the many can stay at home and owe everything to a few, the aviators, while the second insist that the many on the ground and on and under the sea have to take their chances in combat as do the aviators in the air.

The Douhetites are now proclaiming that the surrender of Pantelleria after heavy bombing and without being assaulted proves their contention.

If aviation alone can do the job why wasn't Pantelleria bombed into surrender long ago? Italy entered the war in June, 1940.

Why hasn't Crete been bombed into surrender? And also the Dodecanese Islands between Crete and Turkey?

These islands must be taken before the Eastern Mediterranean is safe for British shipping and before any landing can be made in the Balkans and Greece.

During the heavy fighting on the Russian front in 1942 and early 1943, when the Russians badly needed help and were constantly calling for it, why didn't our bombers attack the Rumanian oil fields, the German lines of communications in the South, the German airfields, aviation and ground troops in South Russia?

Why, during all this period, if aviation alone can produce decisions, were the Russians allowed to be driven back, Sevastopol besieged and captured, the Russian Army for a time split in two by the Germans' getting into Stalingrad, and the Caucasus oil fields seriously menaced?

Why have the Russians been insisting at the present time that neither the occupation of North Africa and the capture of Pantelleria and Sicily, nor above all the heavy bombing of Germany now going on, constitute a second front, the only thing which, according to them, will bring about the defeat of Germany?

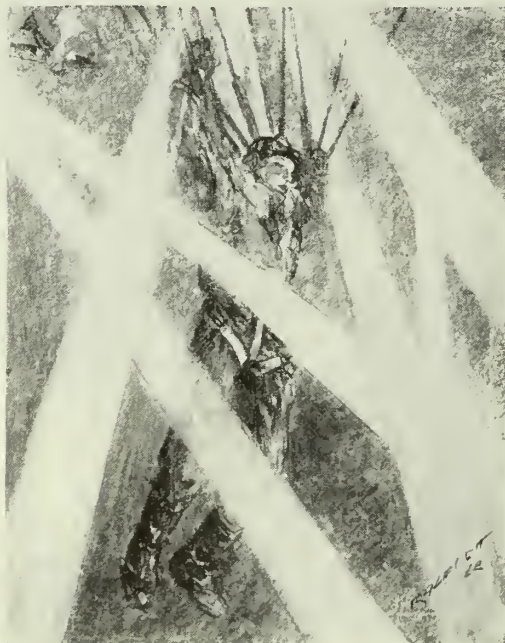
Let us start with Pantelleria, a small island not even as large as Staten Island in New York Harbor, one of the five boroughs which make up New York City. It was not heavily garrisoned, and the garrison showed by its action that it did not have the fighting spirit of the British garrison of Malta, which has been steadily bombed for more than two years, or the Russian garrison of Sevastopol, which was not only heavily bombed for weeks but also under constant artillery fire and attacks by infantry and planes, and which forced the Germans to pay a heavy price for every piece of ground gained. In the third

(Continued on page 37)



To Beat the Dutch

By ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT



The Fortress crashed, but at least one of the crew was able to bail out

THE room was too quiet. As Pieter Guilden set down on a red-checked tablecloth the black bag that is the mark of his profession the world over, he sensed that a sort of shock had come in with him, then this obscurely hostile silence.

Light glittered on the fireplace's blue tiles, found no disorder in the low-ceiled, immaculate chamber. Margriet stood just within the door she'd shut behind them with a strange, no'seal haste. Her slender young body was taut, her hand pressed hard against the tight black velvet of her laced bodice, her eyes very blue beneath her winged cap's starched whiteness.

The two windows were shuttered for the blackout, but Katya Imborg sat bent and shriveled in her deep chair by the farther one, as if she still could watch through small diamond panes the canal path along which the people of Zeendam no longer strolled of an evening. Guilden's mouth thinned under its grizzled beard. "You do not seem ill, Katya."

Rheum-rimmed eyes peered up at him. "I am not."

"But Margriet said—"

"That she had an attack." Falling over her shoulder, the girl's braid was a rope of spun gold. "I had to get you here somehow, and—and—"

"You dared not tell me it was for a 'diver.' That was what they called the men who vanished underground to escape the labor conscription. "So you lied."

"What could I do?" Margriet's hand came from her breast, but it was to the old woman that its pleading gesture was addressed. "He's so dreadfully sick, and Dr. Laay's in Haarlem and Dr. Hondelink couldn't leave Vrouw Steenburgh—" Her breath caught. She looked up and Guilden too looked up, as if they strained to see through the raftered ceiling into the black sky where a drone deepened to thunder.

"Again," the doctor muttered. "They were over only last night." Outside, heavy-soled boots pounded suddenly and there was a guttural shout. The roar of the bomber-flight rolled away towards Amsterdam, faded. Guilden said, voice flat toned, "I brought you



A German soldi

into the world and your brother Rost. When Rost fell at the Grebbeline and your father at Kornweerdzand fort, and your mother could not endure to live without them, I eased her last moments. But you went first to Laay and Hondelink—"

"I sent her for them." Katya Imborg's voice was age-thinned, and inimical. "I forbade her to call you."

"You forbade—" Long, surgeon's fingers closed on the table-edge, knobby knuckles whitening. "It's like that, is it? Because I've urged acceptance of the inevitable, because I see only useless suffering in stiff-necked resistance, I am not to be trusted."

"When a thrown stone cracked the skull of Hoogendam, the schoolmaster who teaches our children *their* rotten lies, you patched him up. When that German corporal was fished out of the canal, four-fifths drowned, you brought him back to life."



at the window, and the doctor had only started his examination!

"What would you have had me do, Vrouw Imborg?"

"Let him die. That's what you would have done if you had been a true Hollander."

Guilden did not at once reply. When he spoke, it was without expression. "I am a physician. I have sworn to help all who need my help, no matter what they are." He lifted his bag from the table, turned to Margriet. "Where is my patient?"

He lay in the inner room, on the high feather bed where Margriet was born seventeen years ago. The lamp she held revealed eyes open but unaware of them. A blunt jaw was blurred by dark bristle and the gaunt, young face

glistened with the sweat of fever and pain. "This is no underdiver." Pieter Guilden said.

"No. He is not."

"You knew—" Guilden recalled how last night Major von Kragg's hand had frozen, putting down a card in the back room of the Red Lion, how they'd listened to a sputter in the sky long after the thunder of the returning bombers had passed over. Then had come a distant, dull explosion and von Kragg had snapped a command to his orderly, and motorcycles had roared in the street. "You and your grandmother must have gone completely mad. You must know what the punishment for sheltering an enemy is."

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

"We do," Margriet answered, and then she said quietly: "I think his leg is broken, doctor."

His face was a deep-lined, still mask as he stripped down the blanket. They'd somehow undressed the youth, gotten him into one of Rost's nightshirts. The left leg was swollen, with a swathe of strips torn from some sheet. Guilden took scissors from his bag, slit the bandage. "Who fixed these splints?"

"I did, I—" He glanced up to see why she'd checked. She stared, pupils dilated, at the wall on which her low-held lamp threw Guilden's magnified

(Continued on page 48)



Learning the intricacies of navigation in a C.A.A. war training school at Tulsa, Oklahoma

Because the Civil Aeronautics Administration was forward-looking in the days of peace, the United States has had plenty of combat airmen to outslug the enemy in the various war sectors. And plenty of these youngsters who like Joe Foss got their initial training with the CAA have like him won decorations for gallantry in action

be worked into the program. That was only the beginning.

Because one of its many peacetime jobs—that include, among others, airways, airports, air training, and air science—is to license pilots and to see that only airworthy planes are in service, the CAA knew where to go to find potential instructors. Most of these instructors were men who had been bitten by the flying bug and who previously occupied themselves by operating a one- or two-plane air taxi service, by carrying goggle-eyed passengers of all ages on 30-minute sightseeing flights, by occasionally giving private lessons, and by dreaming of the day when “Joe’s Flying Service” would have a dozen planes—well, three anyway—and gobs of business.

The first job for CAA, of course, was to test the knowledge and ability of the men chosen as instructors. Those who needed it were given refresher courses; and, after they took their place in the program, they were so carefully supervised that the first year’s output of 10,000 light-plane pilots was achieved with only one fatal accident. The whole

Kindergarten for Flyers

By WILLIAM S. MAULSBY

LATE in 1938, the year before Hitler started the series of blitzes that eventually overran Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, France, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Greece, and way stations, executives in the Civil Aeronautics Administration of the Department of Commerce thought they saw handwriting on the wall. They began to wonder about the position of the United States—if war came. They wondered specifically where the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps could turn on “M” Day for the human material to develop into the tens of thousands of combat pilots that would be needed.

Wondering, they acted. And so, quietly, the CAA in 1939 launched a civilian pilot training program for teaching the elements of flying to such qualified young men as chose to present themselves. Almost anywhere an available, experienced instructor could be found, he was commissioned to take on a few of these CAA student flyers, and was paid a modest sum for teaching them how to get off the ground and how to come down again with both the plane and themselves still in one piece—how to bank and how to loop, how to travel across unfamiliar country, and such other elementary flying details as could



Windvane and anemometer are routine stuff for a class in visual instruction

process of learning to fly was revolutionized and put on a sound teaching basis; the CAA prepared a series of textbooks now recognized as standard equipment for student and teacher.

From the outset, it was realized that a pool of men who later—if need arose—could be developed into combat pilots was only part of the job. Thousands of civilian flight instructors would be indispensable when, as, and if “M” Day came. In addition, there would be need for what seemed like an almost unlimited number of air transport and glider pilots, navigators, bombardiers, control tower operators, ground crew personnel, and specialists in other related fields. Arrangements, consequently, were made with neighboring educational institutions to give the student flyers simple ground-school instruction to accompany their flight training.

Hundreds of decentralized operations of this sort were established, beginning in 1939, wherever a free-lance flyer with even a 50-horsepower plane or two was willing to take on ten or a dozen beginners at a time and give them a chance to learn how to solo. It was strictly kindergarten stuff—and CAA executives would be the first to admit it—but the results have proved impressive.

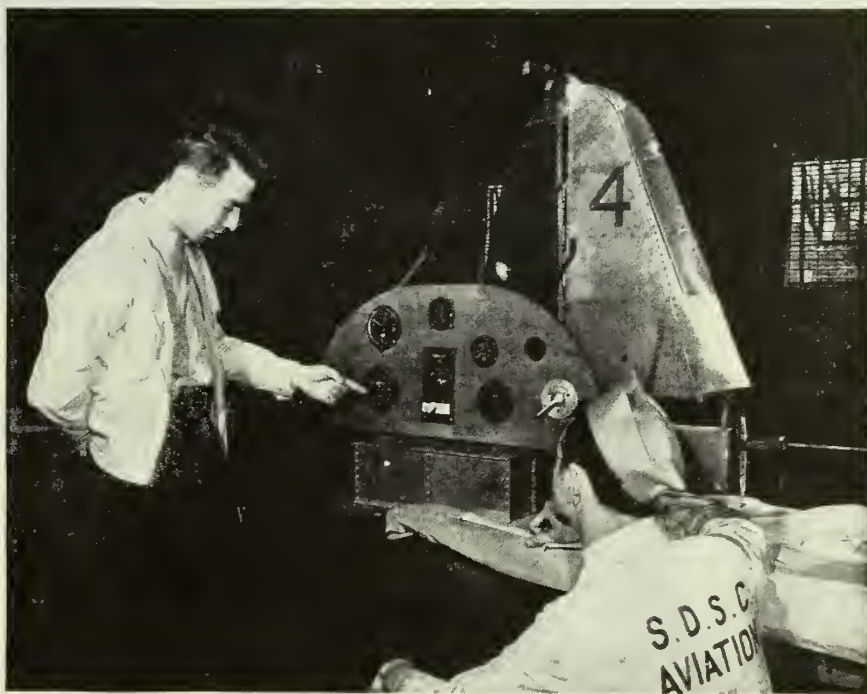
Major Joe Foss, Marine ace and Congressional Medal of Honor winner, for example, is an alumnus of this CAA kindergarten. Other alumni made up about 75 percent of the RAF's famous Eagle Squadron. Nineteen of the men who bombed Tokyo (the first time) got their start with the CAA. So did many of the Flying Tigers. So, too, did hundreds of others who wasted no time in getting into the Army, the Navy, or the Marine Corps at the first possible moment. Five months before Pearl Harbor, CAA alumni were enlisting in the Air Services at the rate of one thousand a month. Several hundred of these CAA alumni already have won United States flying decorations, many of the men having been decorated two or more times, and every official list of additional flying decorations contains more CAA names.

Currently, the War Training Service of the CAA—to give it its present official name—is engaged in three major programs for the training of pilots. One of these is designed to produce about 7,000 instructors for the Army from a group of men who are not qualified to be combat pilots. This program consists of five courses and is being given at about fifty centers. The 7,000 instructors are scheduled to be processed before the end of the present fiscal year, next June 30.

Another of the programs provides certain elementary and secondary flight instruction for naval aviation cadets and the training of a group of flight instructors for the Navy. Ninety-one centers



The boys at Griffin Military College, Griffin, Georgia, prepare to go aloft



Getting acquainted with the instrument panel, at South Dakota State College

are being used for this purpose alone.

The third program provides a flight indoctrination course for the Aviation Cadet Candidates of the Army Air Forces. The number of centers in this part of the program is 153. Each center consists of an educational institution like a college or university for the ground school work, and a near-by flight school.

The weekly report available as this article was being prepared showed a total of 30,732 men in training in these three programs, 4,982 flight instructors, 1,202 ground instructors, 3,200 mechanics, and 6,414 planes. The present

schedule calls for processing about 200,000 men during the current fiscal year.

Experience has shown that CAA-WTS can do a good job, and can do the kindergarten work not only at a saving of money but also without making undue demands on the time of Army and Navy officers. In an editorial last June, the *New York Times* quoted a naval officer that, when the Navy checked the records of its own primary flying course, it found that failures among men with no previous CAA training were approximately two and one-half times

(Continued on page 48)

A Sight

By C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER



The United States Army's "Bazooka," pure poison for any Axis tank

AN American soldier in the Tunisian campaign, using the "Bazooka," the Army's devastating anti-tank gun, was observed scoring a bull's-eye with every shot. The "Bazooka," given that name by Major Zeb Hastings, aide to Lieutenant General Somervell, head of the Army Service Forces, hurls H.E. projectiles capable of penetrating steel armor, of driving through brick walls and rock masonry with a powerful blast effect.

So spectacular was the accuracy the soldier achieved in his firing that officers, intrigued with the remarkable results, investigated and were amazed to find that the standard "open sights" had been removed and the soldier's own home-made sights substituted. Imagine what the German high command would have done to a man tampering with a highly-prized piece of ordnance! The American soldier, instead of being reprimanded, was praised for his ingenuity, which improved on the design of the best piece of ordnance ever produced. The home-made sights were removed and promptly flown back to the office of the Chief of Ordnance in Washington for testing. So conclusive were the results that the Cleveland Ordnance District was asked

The heartening story of how a great ordnance job became still greater because the experts who turned it out were willing to learn from a common soldier

to turn out thousands of these sights in a hurry. The District did this herculean job, which would ordinarily have taken two months to manufacture, in two weeks.

Colonel H. M. Reedall, in charge of the Cleveland Ordnance District, had definite orders as to his deadline date. Cleveland being the hub of the metal stamping industry, Col. Reedall quickly marshaled the forces of industry together. Two of the largest fabricators undertook to line up sub-contractors, as there were no less than sixteen parts to the gun sights developed by the American soldier under fire. Special dies had to be designed and manufactured; the parts had to be stamped out and then assembled. It took five Toledo firms, five Detroit firms and a number of Cleveland fabricators, as well as a small stamping plant in Michigan to complete the job, but American industry accepted the challenge. Col. Reedall was able to

meet the deadline and the sights were sent by plane all over the world to our forces so that they might be installed quickly, and their deadly accurate aim be directed against Axis forces.

Much of our ordnance has been redesigned to meet mass production requirements so that we may fulfill our Lend-Lease agreements and keep our own armed forces supplied all over the world.

The equipment is for the greater part much lighter today than ever before. Forgings, sand castings and bar stock manufacture, with innumerable parts finished by machining operations was all right for peacetime requirements, but as soon as the demand for hitherto undreamed-of quantities of war material became apparent, new techniques were necessary. Many parts of ordnance are now made by stamping the parts out of metal, thus releasing quantities of critical metals for the manufacture of other equipment, ships, and planes, and saving millions of man hours and machine hours.

That this new equipment stands up not only at the various Army testing grounds but under actual field conditions is now a well-established fact.



... Speaking of Shell Production

The "Little Red Hen" is a mighty big contributor to the war effort. In fact, eggs and poultry occupy such a prominent place on the menu of our soldiers, sailors, Allies and home folks that America actually needs more egg shells than cannon shells. Nowhere are trucks more essential than in the poultry industry . . . to transport food, water and equipment on the farm . . . to carry poultry and eggs to market . . . to bring home feed and supplies in huge quantities.

More than 71% of our poultry and 65% of our eggs are transported by truck, according to figures from leading markets. The real significance of these percentages becomes apparent when compared with the poultry industry's staggering 1943 quotas of fifty seven billion eggs and four billion pounds of dressed chicken.

Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: "Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs...on time." Join the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. GMC dealers are pledged to help you.



INVEST IN VICTORY
... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK & COACH

DIVISION OF YELLOW TRUCK & COACH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Home of GMC Trucks and Coaches . . . Manufacturer of a Wide Variety of Military Vehicles for our Armed Forces



Harvest Time, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

Americans are making the best use of their week-ends and vacations by helping bring in the crops. And many are making the best use of Schenley Royal Reserve by saving it for special occasions. All of the Schenley distilleries are producing vital alcohol for war purposes exclusively.

Before Anything Else, Buy War Bonds

SCHENLEY

ROYAL RESERVE

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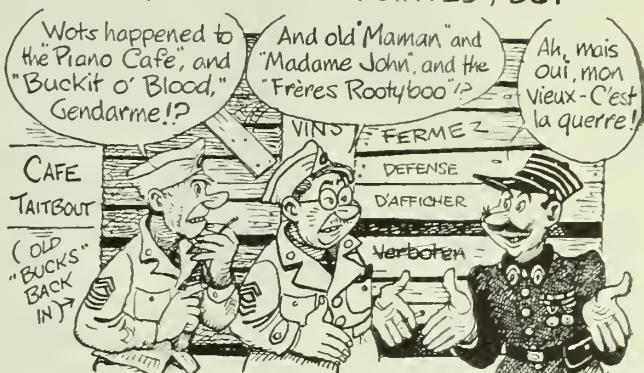
Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City, N. Y.

WHEN THE SECOND A.E.F. INVADES "SUNNY FRANCE" - by Wallgren

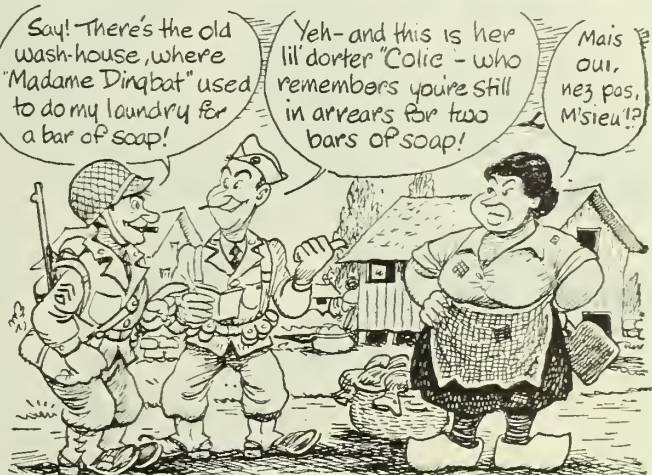
OLD "RETREADS" LOOKING FOR OLD FAMILIAR FACES, AND PLACES, MAY BE DISAPPOINTED, BUT



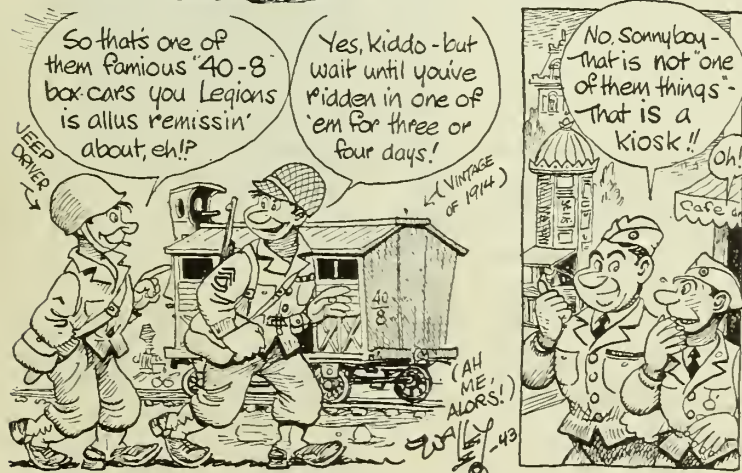
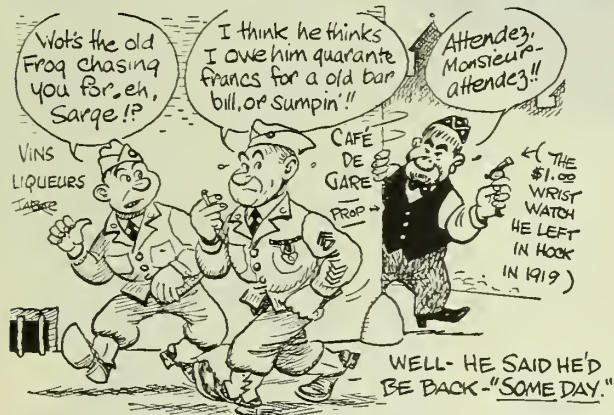
THEY'LL RECEIVE THE SAME JOYOUS WELCOME AS BEFORE.



THEY'LL FIND QUITE A FEW CHANGES HAVE TAKEN PLACE.



IT WILL BE PLEASANT TO REVIVE OLD MEMORIES -



THE "SONS" WILL GET A CHANCE TO FIND OUT THINGS FOR THEMSELVES - THINGS YOU'VE TALKED SO MUCH ABOUT...

Two-War Legion

By J. ERNEST ISHERWOOD

CHAIRMAN, WORLD WAR II LIAISON COMMITTEE

THE AMERICAN LEGION



Veterans of 1918 and of this war are one in spirit, and together under the Flag they will make history as members of The American Legion

Illustrated by S. T. SMITH

YOU can modernize and mechanize the United States Army and Navy; you can toughen up the American fighting men; you can change the old choke collar on the army blouse to the lapel type—all of these things have been changed from 25 years ago—but you can't change the basic thinking of the man in uniform!

Then as now, that father, son, or brother in the service has one big thought uppermost in his mind—that is, to get the job over with just as soon as possible and get back home.

The 1943 model Yank is singing the same kind of marching songs as did the 1918 model. It may be "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" instead of "Mademoi-

selle from Armentières," but it's the same devil-may-care, winner-take-all spirit which has marked America's fighting men since the days of the Boston Tea Party.

The same kind of recreation is popular, too. They "flip the deck" and it's 21 or bust, or maybe a little bit of straight stud, or the African dominoes, and then the touch for a little dough

National Judge Advocate Gregg has ruled that men released from the Army of the United States because of age or physical disability who are given a Certificate of Service instead of an Honorable Discharge are eligible to membership in the Legion. The Certificate of Service is a new form that provides a separation from the military service under honorable conditions. Holders of Certificates of Service are actually returned to a civilian status. The National Judge Advocate has also ruled that men who have been discharged from the service but are still in the reserve, are eligible provided their service was honorable.

Consult your Department Judge Advocate if in doubt

to tide the loser over until next payday.

Like the men of 1917-18, the fighting men of this war also thrive on letters from home. Mail call to a lot of these men is more important than mess call. And right here is where Legionnaires at home can render a real service! See to it that the service man from your block gets the news regularly from back home. Just stop and remember back 25 years ago—you'll get the importance of sending that man a letter regularly.

WHEN the historians of the future attempt to record and explain the events of the present era, they will

pucker their brows and wax profound as they strive to explain why America fought two great wars within a generation. They will have much to say about militarism, about economic pressures, about geopolitics, about inept statcraft and conflicting ideologies. To them, the question will be aca-

demic, and they will belabor causes and effects and formulate theories to discover an academic answer.

To the American boy brought face to face with the enemy, however, the question is far from academic: it is intensely real. And to answer the question he needs no involved academic formula. He has the answer ready, deep within his soul—a simple, direct, and altogether sufficient answer. He fights to preserve his America, its ways, its life, its dreams. It is what the American soldier has always fought for, and it is probably the only thing for which he will ever fight; for the American soldier is essentially a man of peace: he hates war and everything about it.

Should he be asked to explain what he means by "his America, its ways, its life, its dreams," he will refer to the words of older and greater Americans—Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, men who had better words and clearer thought than he. So, in spite of what the historians of the future may say, we know that today American boys are fighting, as American boys have always fought, for the American ideal of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," for "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," that, and nothing else.

But it is not only in the crisis of war that the American ideal must be guarded. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the defense in times of peace is, perhaps, more difficult than in times of war. Knowing this, the men who fought have always striven to protect that for which they fought. It was for this purpose that the men of Cambrai, Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, and the Argonne formed The American



This companion booklet to *Fall-In* answers the questions relatives of service men ask most frequently of the Legion

Legion and wrote their creed in the preamble to its constitution. And in defense of what they fought to save in 1917 and 1918 they have continued to battle valiantly.

Now we are engaged in an even greater war, a war which threatens the American ideal with utter extinction. The men who are serving the guns are fighting for the same reason that Americans have always fought. They are thinking the same thoughts as did the men of '76, of '64, of '98, of 1918. They may have improved weapons, different uniforms, new tactics, but they fight for the same reason and in the same way. Many of them are the very same men; more of them are younger brothers; still more are sons; all of them are Americans. And when the war is over, the men who are fighting today will be just as determined to protect the American dream they fought to save. Their fathers' creed will be their creed, and the American Legion will be their Legion.

IT IS toward the fulfillment of this greater service, therefore, that the American Legion now shapes its course, its splendid organization, experienced, efficient, and with a notable record of accomplishment, now stands to serve the needs of America's younger fighting men. The men of this war are coming back home with just as great a determination that our nation shall continue to be the America they went out to defend, an America where all have equal opportunities, an America where we shall have all our cherished freedoms, of speech, of press, of religion, of enterprise.

(Continued on page 44)

Does Your Post Do These Jobs?

The National World War II Liaison Committee recommends that following activities be carried on by Posts for those men and women in service and for their families:

Report to Department Headquarters and to National Headquarters any unique program originated by the Post for contact with World War II service men and their families.

Keep in touch with your Department Headquarters so that you may know the progress of National Rehabilitation and National Legislative Committees which are at work in behalf of service men of this war and their families.

Appoint assistant post service officer who will specialize in on problems of World War II service men.

*See to it that the booklets *Fall-In* and *At Home* are given still wider distribution among service men of this war and their families.*

Urge Legionnaires and Auxiliary members to write letters regularly to men and women in the service from the community.

Urge Legionnaires to subscribe to the National Legionnaire and The American Legion Magazine to be sent to persons in the service. (Note: Postal regulations will not permit mailing The American Legion Magazine overseas.) Many Posts are now collecting and sending copies of the magazine to service men after the magazine has been read by its subscriber.

Continue to collect playing cards for distribution to men in service. More than 515,000 decks had been sent to men in the service by the middle of June.

Hold memorial services for the heroic dead of World War II.

Offer assistance of the Post for funeral services for the dead of World War II.

Present Gold-Star certificates to next of kin of those who have lost their lives in service in World War II, and Silver-Star certificates to those wounded in the present conflict. Check local newspapers for casualty lists.

Present paid-up membership cards in The Sons of The American Legion to sons of Legionnaires leaving to enter the armed forces and to those already in the service.

The Post Chaplain should convey, personally or in writing, the sympathy of the Post to the families of those killed or missing in action.

*Arrange with local newspapers to publish information on the rights and benefits of service men and their dependents. Suggest using excerpts from the *At Home* booklet.*

(Continued on page 43)



The service man's friend, this helpful booklet is known to virtually every American serving in the armed forces

Our Fighting Men Are Coming Back Some Day—

Not to Collectivism

By R. WORTH SHUMAKER

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, NATIONAL AMERICANISM COMMISSION, THE AMERICAN LEGION

OUT there today on the far-flung battlefields of this Second World War our sons are fighting, are dying in defense of the same basic charters of liberty for which we fought in the First World War and in all other wars in which we have engaged. These men are fighting for the preservation of the freedoms we love, for the right to work and to practice free competitive enterprise; for their homes, for those they love more than life itself.

Somewhere along the line, and in spite of the "endowed" efforts of a group of pacifists and socialist-minded educators, these red-blooded, strong-hearted soldiers and sailors of World War II have had instilled in them a love of country which knows no defeat, no surrender of a single one of those basic charters of liberty.

But now with the whole world at war, with the Axis rape of country after country, with social and economic life on the home front necessarily undergoing unprecedented changes, America is challenged as never before.

We have a big job to do. Some day many of those men who left us in the flower of youth, are coming back, coming home, battle-scarred veterans of a horrible war against a sadistic enemy. Those who return and those who have made the supreme sacrifice, will have done their part in ending all wars and of paving the way for a free and enlightened world.

While the vets in uniform are doing their job of blasting the Axis banner of insatiable desires from its mooring, we are charged on the home front with the guardianship of the same things that these men are fighting for under world horizons.

And so, some day the soldiers and sailors are coming home—coming back to live in the land of freedom they charged us to preserve, or to a socialized homeland fashioned on the pattern of Bureaucracy.

If we citizens on the home front remain true to American ideals and institutions, our sons will not have fought and died in vain; if we permit America to develop into a socialist and collectivist society, the gallant fight by our sons will have been lost. But, regardless,

The ridicule by educational "progressives" prevented a strong national defense of the United States between the last war and the Pearl Harbor attack. And when victory comes these gentry will plump for a paper Army and a paper Navy, and for more Government-in-business

our veterans are coming home—coming home to what?

Following the publication during June, 1942, by the *New York Times* of a survey disclosing that 82 percent of the colleges and universities of this country do not require their students to take American history and that college students do not know American history, the *Times* on April 4, 1943, published the result of a survey of 7,000 freshmen in thirty-six American colleges and universities to determine the amount of United States history those students were taught in grade and high school.

The results were startling. As one press release stated, there was "a disquieting ignorance of important facts of our national history and the geography of the country." Many of the college freshmen showed that they had practically no knowledge of the elementary aspects of American history. Further, the results of the survey indicated an alarming and serious lack of knowledge and understanding of the growth and development, the traditions and accomplishments of the "founders" and "makers" of the nation.

The survey showed that 25 percent of the students did not know that Lincoln was President of the United States during the Civil War; 30 percent did not know that Woodrow Wilson was President during World War I; and 84 percent could not cite two of the contributions made by the great American, Thomas Jefferson, to the nation, in this, his bicentennial year. Only six percent could name the thirteen original States of the Union and only 15 percent knew who was President during the Spanish-American War. Forty percent failed to identify Robert Fulton with the steamboat, or Alexander Graham Bell with the telephone.

The appalling results also disclosed an astounding amount of misinformation on the country's geography and the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

Many college students do not have

any notion of what our country looks like. Such absurdities as placing Portland, Oregon, on the Atlantic seaboard, the Hudson River, or the Great Lakes; listing Illinois, Texas, California and North Dakota on the Eastern seaboard, and Oregon, Mississippi, Wyoming

and Nevada among the thirteen original colonies, were included in the results of the *Times* survey.

Fewer than half of the 7,000 freshmen could name four of the fifteen specific freedoms guaranteed to the individual in the Bill of Rights. Fewer than half could name two of the specific powers granted to the Congress by the Constitution. In fact, to many the Bill of Rights guarantees the right to work, to play, to happiness, and to choose one's own recreation. Others taking the test believed the Bill of Rights secures the nation against "want" and "fear."

Interesting and constructive articles and editorials, much debate and discussion, pro and con, have been the result of the *Times* survey. Many patriotic Americans echo the *Times*' discovery—not enough United States history has been taught in the schools. Other individuals, captained by the endowed "social science extremists" and "progressive" educators, who are responsible for the dilemma, have attacked the validity of the *Times* test, and have used other excuses to divert just criticism of the lack of knowledge of American history from their so-called "progressive" teaching methods, social reform curricula, and fallacious, near-disastrous education policies.

The inescapable, irrefutable fact in the entire situation is that American history has not been taught in enough of our schools. The educator, commenting on the *Times* survey, who said, "Good sound courses in American history are rare in our high schools," and the columnist, also writing on the survey, who stated, "The fault is not that students are deprived of history courses; it is that they are not taught history," are correct in their analyses of the situation. Hugh Russell Fraser, an official of the United States Office of Education at the time the *Times* survey was made public, stated:

"The tragedy really began in 1924 in Denver, Colorado, when the Super-

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



"Some of us will get back, and God help those on the home front who have let her down!"

intendent of Schools, acting on suggestions from Teachers College, Columbia University, moved to substitute a course in social science for the then-existing courses in American history and geography.

"That day in 1924 in Denver should go down in the history of American education as a day of mourning . . .

"Responsibility for the present appalling neglect of American history in the high schools and elementary schools of the nation must go to the social studies extremists.

"The pitfall they have stumbled into has been due to a failure to recognize that the structure of history does not lend itself to the technique of the social studies. And this failure has led to tragic results."

The repercussions of the tragic results

of the *Times* survey reached the Congress of the United States. One distinguished Senator stated:

"It is time to take stock of some of our education processes. If we love America as we think we do the time is here to let our boys and girls know what we are fighting for."

Another venerable Senator, who suggested that an investigation be made of the top-ranking policy makers of education, said:

"It seems that an attempt was made, though perhaps unconsciously, to undermine the morale of our boys and girls. To my mind it is not an adequate explanation just to say the

teaching of history has been lost sight of in courses of social study."

Correctly so! *Our boys and girls should be taught to know for what they are fighting.* An attempt, which had the backing of some of the great Endowment Funds, has been made to teach "trends," "reconstruction," and "social, economic and political reform" (to the neglect of American History, geography and civics). The actual problem which confronts patriotic teachers and school administrators is more deeply rooted than the now-exposed neglect of teaching American history and other fundamental subjects.

Denver, 1924! That mortal blow, fol-

(Continued on page 51)

Illustrated by JOHN CASSEL



Mayor Orville Hubbard of Dearborn, Michigan (seated), checking in for blood donation to the Legion Blood Bank. Standing, Finance Officer Morrison Cameron and Commander Tom Battle, Ford Motor Company Post; Director George C. Dollar, Legion Blood Bank; Senior Vice Commander Kenneth Williams, Ford Post, and Charles Dunnette, Assistant Coördinator of O.C.D., Dearborn

DISASTER of the worst kind struck the industrial city of Detroit on June 12th. A disaster more terrible in its import and in its after effects than flood, fire or tornado; more terrible than a scourging blitz at the hand of a national foe. It was a riot, race against race, which swept the city, leaving in its wake, when civil and military officers had finally succeeded in quelling the disturbance, a toll of thirty-one dead and many hundreds more or less severely injured.

Hospitals were jammed with the wounded. Surgeons, internes and nurses—the regular staffs augmented by nearly all available medical men—worked at top speed in dressing wounds and giving emergency treatment to save the lives of those more seriously injured. Thanks to the skill of this highly trained group and The American Legion the number of deaths did not mount higher.

Many lives were saved—how many it is impossible to determine—by quick transfusions of blood and plasma drawn from the American Legion Civilian De-

Legion Blood FOR THE Home Front



fense Blood Bank. And thanks to the foresight of the Detroit Districts Association of American Legion Posts that blood was ready for distribution to the several hospitals when disaster struck and when the injured began to pour into the several hospitals in the city. In all, according to a tabulation made by Jack R. C. Cann, editor of the *Detroit Legion News*, the hospitals called for and received 128 litres, or 512 units, of plasma—most of which was applied in treatment of innocent persons who had no part in the riots except as victims.

"Much of this blood plasma was delivered while the rioting was at its height," writes George C. Dollar, Chairman of the American Legion Civilian Defense Blood Bank. "It was delivered through streets filled with overturned and burning cars; through flying missiles and showers of glass from broken windows, and through the picket lines. Because we were driving our white Emergency Unit cars of the American Legion Civilian Blood Bank unit, we were permitted to proceed without being



attacked by the rioters or stopped by the police."

That is a high tribute to the Legion and a recognition of its humanitarian service in time of trouble and disaster.

The American Legion Blood Bank was created at the Henry Ford Hospital in March, 1941, for the purpose of serving veterans, indigent and emergency cases. The facilities of the hospital were made available without cost to the Committee representing the combined Legion Posts of Detroit organized in the Detroit Districts Association. More than 2,500 Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and their friends have cheerfully contributed blood for current use, and at the same time a reserve of blood plasma was being banked for use in event of enemy action, sabotage or civilian disaster. The Legion was ready to serve when the disaster did strike, but there was no thought that the disaster would take the form it did.

When war came to America the Blood Bank became a vital link in the civilian defense preparations made in the Detroit

area. In March, 1942, acting under instructions of the Office of Civilian Defense, the Legion Blood Bank took the responsibility and full authority to act as processor and general distributor of blood and blood plasma for emergency defense purposes. In taking this responsibility there was no conflict with the American Red Cross and its work—the Red Cross draws and processes blood for the armed forces and has no authority, without Federal sanction, to supply civilian needs. In fact all civilian requests for blood made to the Red Cross in the Detroit area automatically go to the Legion Blood Bank. The two services work together, one primarily to serve the men on the fighting lines; the other to serve the civilian population.

"You've heard of casting your bread upon the waters and having it come back buttered!" said the *Detroit Free Press*. "Mrs. Emma La Butte got hers back with jam on it. . . . On August 8, 1941, and April 14, 1942, she gave her blood to build up units of the bank. . . . In September of last year she had an operation and needed a blood transfusion badly. In the emergency her type of blood was not available. Her husband called the American Legion Blood Bank and plasma was sent over at once . . . the plasma from the two donations Mrs. La Butte had given. . . . There could be no mistake. The dates and the information tallied perfectly."

That is but one of hundreds of cases that could be cited. The service is given without charge as a humanitarian service



and as a vital backlog in the home defense system. When the life-giving blood plasma was needed in wholesale lots, the Legion was ready to give it.

Donors are rewarded with cards certifying that they have given their blood—three times draws a silver card. A gold card is issued for five donations, and all are given a little bronze button to wear on civilian dress made up in a design similar to the Legion insignia. The Step Keeper salutes the Detroit Legion Blood Bank by using its insignia instead of the usual Keeping Step design on the opposite page.

There are many Legion Blood Banks and blood donor groups scattered about over the country and, stimulated by the timely service of the Detroit group in saving lives, other banks will be organized and reserves of blood and plasma stored up for civilian use. At the same time Legionnaires and their friends will continue to give freely of their blood to the Red Cross for the service men.

Another distinguished service being



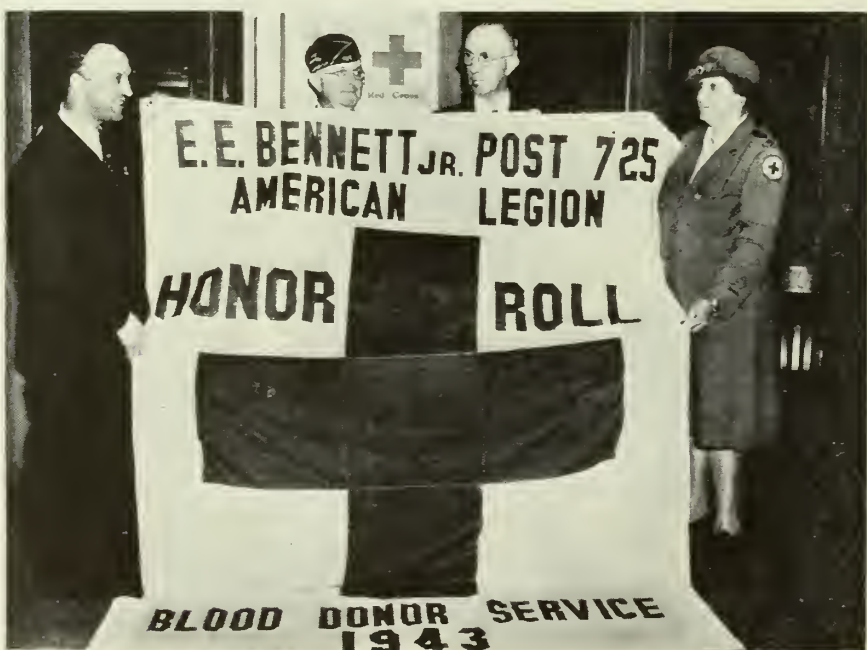
Dearborn's Mayor Hubbard giving blood for civilian use, one of the 2,500 donors to the Legion Blood Bank. Foresight of the Legion in storing a blood reserve saved many lives when disaster struck Detroit



Dan Tallon Post of New York City joined fellow postal employees in giving ambulance and \$5,000 to Red Cross. Postmaster Albert Goldman is making the presentation



Marion County Post of Ocala, Florida, has an active Scrap Committee and a big pile of scrap. Left to right, Legionnaires George Howell, Carl Crossley, John Kohli, Roy Gombard and Lorry Izlar



Brooklyn, New York, Post gets first Red Cross Honor Roll flag. Left to right, George W. Schmidt, Chairman Blood Donor Committee; Commander William M. Purcell, Colonel J. H. Bigley, and Mrs. Andrew A. Jackson

rendered by the Legion is the Blood Bank under the sponsorship of John Regan Post of Boise, Idaho, organized in the fall of 1942 under the leadership of Commander Dan F. Banks. This unit in the civilian service, says newsman Horatio H. Miller, serves the civilian needs in its locality and at the same time has been of tremendous value to the various army installations in the neighborhood—it is credited with definitely saving two lives and probably some fifteen others. An uncounted number of burned or injured men from Gowen Field Air Base and Boise Barracks have been aided by plasma from the bank.

Through Commander Banks' effort, some \$2,200 was raised to pay for the expensive bottles in which the plasma is stored. The actual work is done by a Legion committee consisting of Dr. James L. Stewart, Dr. Roscoe Ward, Dr. Fred A. Pittenger, Dr. Burton O. Clark, Dr. H. Noakes, Dr. G. H. Wahle, John A. Schoonover, banker; E. T. Fisher, mining



man, and Oscar W. Worthwine, lawyer, Past Department Commander and Past National Vice Commander. The medical men are responsible for taking the blood and processing it; the lay members care for all business arrangements.

Eighteen or twenty donors contribute blood each week. They come from eighteen communities in the vicinity of Boise and travel under their own power, using their own gas rations.

Skipping back to the East, Elmer E. Bennett, Jr., Post of Brooklyn, New York, has been awarded an Honor Flag by the American Red Cross for having donated over five hundred pints of blood to the Brooklyn Blood Donor Center. This was the first such award to a Legion Post by the Red Cross, says Post Commander William M. Purcell.

This Legion Post has established blood giving as one of the regular activities and has arranged for regular visits to the Post headquarters at 574 Ridgewood Avenue, Brooklyn, by mobile blood units. The next bleeding party scheduled will be held on September 11th, when Commander Purcell will make his tenth blood donation and George W. Schmidt, Post Blood Donor Chairman, will make his seventh. Already two hundred and fifty other donors have registered. In addition to the donations made to the Red Cross the Post maintains an open bank for use

of civilians. This bank was established in March, 1942.

Of the many other contributions made by Legion Posts in the New York area, Dan Tallon Post, whose membership is composed exclusively of employees of the New York postoffice, took the lead in raising a fund among the postal workers for the purchase of a completely equipped ambulance for presentation to the Red Cross. The ambulance cost \$2,000, but when it was ready for delivery Postmaster Albert Goldman, acting for the group as a whole, was not only able to give the ambulance but at the same time handed the Red Cross representative a check for \$5,000 for upkeep and further supplies.

U. S. O. Center

ARTHUR O. McNITZKY Post of Denton, Texas, has turned its home over to the U. S. O. for housing the service men who come into the city each



week, says Director George E. Berthelon. More than a thousand men are housed in the building each month. Before the regular U. S. O. center was completed, the Legion home was used for all activities for service men. A number of Legionnaires are active staff members, including Post Commander W. A. (Bill) Cooper, who is connected with the athletic department of the North Texas State Teachers College, Denton. Comrade Cooper plans recreational activities for the men; Legionnaire Al Lancaster, World War I mess sergeant, supervises the canteen; Service Officer Dick Fowler cares for the showers, and Roy Hann handles the dormitory.

Eagle Scouts

THE Eagle Scout award is the highest that any Boy Scout can achieve, and to become an Eagle Scout is the goal of every lad who takes his scout work seriously. It was, then, a notable honor when three Scouts of Troop 3, sponsored by Fort Humboldt Post, The American Legion, of Eureka, California, were given the award.

A special Eagle Court of Honor was conducted by the Redwood Area Council, Boy Scouts of America, honoring the three Scouts, Sheridan LeRoy Dolvin, James Bryan Moore, Jr., and Irving



Boy Scouts, Legionnaires and service men and women celebrated the conversion of Arthur O. McNitzky Post home at Denton, Texas, into a U. S. O. center. Above, raising the flag

Leslie Moore. Tribute was also paid to Legionnaire A. C. Watson, who has served as Scoutmaster of Troop 3 for fifteen years.

These three Scouts all came into the cubbing program at the age of nine; becoming members of Troop 3 at twelve they qualified as Boy Scouts. Now at sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years, respectively, they represent an aggregate of fifteen years' Scout training under Legionnaire Watson's leadership.

Eagle Scout Sheridan LeRoy Dolvin reported for service on July 1st as a Naval Reserve Aviation Cadet. He wants to become a doctor of medicine after he has completed his war service.

Eagle Scout James Bryan Moore, Jr., has been a Sea Scout in addition to his

Boy Scout membership, in the Sea Scout Ship *Dolphin* No. 23, also sponsored by Fort Humboldt Post, and will enlist in the Navy during the summer. It is his intention to study contracting and the building trades after the close of the war.

Junior of the group is Eagle Scout Irving Leslie Moore, sixteen, who is rendering active service to his country by participating in Boy Scout war service projects. He has his mind set on a career as an electrical engineer.

Michael T. McKeon, Scout Executive, Redwood Area Council, commenting on the work accomplished, said: "Fort Humboldt Post deserves special commendation for its contribution to this nation in the training program being
(Continued on page 42)



Three Eagle Scouts from Troop 3 sponsored by Fort Humboldt Post at Eureka, California. Left to right, Scout Executive Michael T. McKeon, James Nealis, Council Chairman; and Eagle Scouts Sheridan LeRoy Dolvin, James B. Moore, Jr., and Irving Moore



Before too long, let us hope, scenes like the above in Mesves-Bulcy, in 1918, will be re-enacted in France for our present-day men in O. D. The guest was Lieutenant Morris P. Hall, 135th Field Artillery, 37th Division

Back to France Again

PREVIEW." That might well be a fitting title for the picture that decorates this page. It forecasts things to come for the American men in uniform who now again, after a lapse of a quarter century, are traversing the seaways and skyways and highways to assist in the liberation of our sister republic of France. The road they are traveling is far more hazardous than that we oldsters used back in 1917 and 1918.

Those men who participated in the freeing of North Africa and who at this writing are rapidly conquering Sicily have had a foretaste of the hearty welcome that will be awaiting them when before too long a time they will cross the borders of the country in which most of us oldtimers fought.

Get this straight—please. The picture is not a "still" from one of the old movies made following the First World War—"The Big Parade" or "What Price Glory?" or any in that category—although frankly that was this department's reaction when the print dropped from an envelope with this letter from Legionnaire Morris P. Hall of 204 Court Street, Clarksburg, West Virginia: "Am enclosing a snapshot taken in France near Mesves-Bulcy during the last war. This is a picture of then-Lieutenant Morris P. Hall, 135th Field Artillery, 37th Division—your correspondent. It

might be titled 'Enjoying the good French vin blanc to the amusement of a French soldier.'"

Our show-me attitude was promptly given a K. O. when this further letter came from Comrade Hall:

"The picture I sent you is not a 'still' from a movie. It is an honest-to-God snapshot taken in Mesves-Bulcy, near Tours and La Charite, France. The name of the old woman shown was Madame Vincent and the picture was taken while I was drinking wine.

"The snap was made by a Lieutenant Casey, Infantry, who had a billet over the kitchen of this home. He had come down the steps, left his kodak case on the third step, took the picture and went on his way. About a month or so later he gave me the negative. I had a 17x10 enlargement made of it and it

is a peach. A few days ago I ran across the small print and sent it along to you.

"The scene is an outdoor kitchen. The gadgets on the wall are skillets, pans and other cooking utensils. The canvas curtain shown was dropped down when it rained. Our camions or trucks passed this house empty on our return trips from the front. We would usually stop, throw several of Madame Vincent's empty kegs or large barrels into the trucks and drop them off at her vineyards which were some fifteen miles or so from her home along the road we used. For this service we received all the vin blanc we could drink on the spot—although she wouldn't let us carry any away in bottles.

"At the moment this picture was taken I was laughing at the old lady who kept telling me that a medical officer friend of mine who was a 1st lieutenant, was really a major because he was a doctor, and all doctors in the French army were majors. She would keep calling him 'Major' and I would continue to tell her he was just a lousy lieutenant like myself. We could never agree on this, but I got plenty of laughs and wine out of the argument.

"The French poilu wearing the six service stripes on his uniform was a neighbor home on furlough from the front. His attitude shows he was enjoying our argument. The woman with



her sewing, sitting next to the old woman, was her daughter and her home was in Paris. The daughter's husband was a captain in the French army and she was staying with her mother in this little French village where it was much safer, as Paris had been shelled several times by Big Bertha—the famous German long-range gun. The other old lady was a neighbor who just drifted in to listen and try to figure out my 'pidgin French.'

"I was on detached service from my outfit at the time this picture was taken, as I had come over as a casual officer in advance of my Division.

"I have titled the enlargement of this picture 'War Is Not Always Hell,' as there were many pleasant times enjoyed by us soldiers during the last war, and the French people were always glad to see us and have us visit with them."

Now it would be interesting if the snaphooter, Lieutenant Casey, ex-Infantry, would make report of his remembrance of this incident, and if some of the other truck drivers or other ex-

gang? We learned to know it from the calendars of the Prudential Insurance Company (free adv.!).

So, with all the present war activities in and about Gibraltar, we were happy when Legionnaire Alexander M. Walker of 122 Union Street, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, sent us a couple of First World War snapshots—one showing the Rock, and the other showing him and some shipmates holystoning the deck of the U. S. S. *Pequot*, upon which Navy vessel he visited the Rock back in 1918. The snapshots, which show the wear and tear of time, came with this letter:

"With all the fighting in and around the Mediterranean in this war, I thought of the time when I was in that area during the last war. Thought maybe the two snapshot prints I dug up might be of interest to other Legionnaires who were there on Navy ships or perhaps came through on troop transports.

"One of the pictures shows the Rock of Gibraltar and was taken from my ship, the U. S. S. *Pequot* when we had

THEN and NOW

put in there early in 1919 to have the ship coaled by natives. The other shows part of the crew, including me—the second man from the right—scrubbing down the decks with holystones, which we called 'brick bats.' I can't remember the name of any of these shipmates, but I'd like to hear from them.

"I was only 19 when I enlisted in the Navy on May 6, 1917, and got my honorable discharge August 18, 1919. The *Pequot* was a Navy cargo ship and had drafted merchant ship officers to command her—and did they play hard! They did no more for the men than they had to, and gave no credit where it belonged, as the Navy is doing today.

"Maybe even at this late date I might rate a decoration for saving a shipmate's life, if some of the former crew remember the incident and will write to me. During the latter part of 1918 while we were underway, another sailor and I were painting over the side of the *Pequot*. The other man's rope slipped and he started to fall, but I held onto mine. He grabbed the big board and clung to it, while I kept my grip until help came and hauled him up. I would also like to know who that other sailor was."

AND now for a correction and an apology: In presenting the contributor of the unusually good picture of the troop-laden U. S. S. *President Grant*, reproduced in these columns, in the May issue, we erroneously credited his town, Crystal Falls, to the state of Minnesota instead of to Michigan.

This department is sorry and hopes



1st A. E. F.-ers who enjoyed Madame Vincent's wine would write to us.

GIBRALTAR—that powerful British fortress and naval base which dominates the western entrance to the Mediterranean is witnessing stirring events these days while the United Nations are preparing to invade Europe for the final drive to oust Hitler and his cohorts from power. It was off that towering rock that the invasion fleet for the North African campaign assembled, and past that rock steamed the thousands of ships and landing barges that carried our men and British and Canadian soldiers to Sicily.

Our earliest recollection of Gibraltar—even before the study of geography or history entered our young life—is based upon the sketch of it used as an emblem to designate the strength and soundness of an insurance company. Remember it,



The Rock of Gibraltar, at top, pictured from the decks of the U. S. S. *Pequot* in 1919, today witnesses again vast war activities. Above, crew men of the *Pequot* holystone her decks. Who, besides Alex M. Walker, are in the gang?



MAGNATES WHO USED TO HAVE
MUCH SPORT FISHING FOR
MARLIN AND OTHER OVERGROWN
MINNOWS, MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT,
MANY OF THESE MEN NOW BUY
MATTINGLY & **M**OORE FOR IT'S
MELLOWER & Milder THAN
MANY BRANDS THAT COST
MUCH MORE MONEY! TRY IT!



The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
 Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
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An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

the contributor, Legionnaire R. Hammerburg, proprietor of the City Drug Store, Crystal Falls, Michigan, will now receive the letters which we feel sure that former comrades and other soldier passengers on the U. S. S. *President Grant* dispatched to him. Company Clerks were noted for pulling boners, so this so-called Company Clerk had to uphold that reputation.

PAPER shortage because of the war means space restrictions in your Magazine, and space restrictions necessarily mean that the all-out service we have given and want to continue to give to veterans' organizations must for the time being be curtailed. As many announcements as possible will appear in this column, but most of them will be those in which the time element is important. Continue to send your announcements to The Company Clerk and they will be published just as promptly as possible.

For details of the following reunions and other activities, write to the Legionnaires listed:

Soc. of 1st Div., A.E.F.—Annual reunion. Omaha, Nebr., Sept. 21-23. Stephen Flaherty, secy.-treas., 106 Hale St., Fayetteville, North Carolina.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VET.—Reunion center in Grill Room, Omaha Athletic Club, Omaha, Nebr., Sept. 21-23. Theo. E. Nelson, natl. personnel officer, Bellevue Blvd. and Hillcrest Rd., Omaha.

NATL. ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual breakfast meeting, Omaha, Nebr., Sept. 21-23. For date, write Anne E. McCarthy, natl. comdr., 295 St. John Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

29TH Div. Assoc.—Natl. reunion, Newark, N. J., Oct. 8-10. Chas. L. Hofmann, gen. chmn., 50 Prospect Av., Irvington, N. J.

37TH Div., A.E.F. VETS. Assoc.—Reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 4-5. Harold E. Snell, natl. secy., 347 W. Earl Av., Youngstown, Ohio.

78TH Div. VETS. Assoc.—Dedication of 14 memorial windows in 78th Div. Memorial Chapel, Ft. Dix, N. J., Sun., Sept. 12, 1 p. m. Pre-dedication reunion, 312 Inf. Home, 620 High St., Newark, N. J., Sept. 10-11, from which party will proceed to Ft. Dix. Raymond W. Taylor, gen. secy., Box 482, Closter, New Jersey.

310TH INF. A.E.F. VETS. Assoc.—Reunion, New York City, Sept. 28-30. John P. Riley, secy., 151 Wendell St., Providence (9), R. I.

313TH INF. VETS.—Reunion, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 25. Gorman L. Schaible, chmn., 3317 Gwynn Falls Pkwy., Baltimore.

314TH INF. VETS.—Reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24-26. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlott Av., Philadelphia.

332d INF. Assoc.—Reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 4-5. Carl E. Blughman, secy., Court House, Akron.

353d (ALL-KANSAS) INF. Soc.—Reunion, Topeka, Kans., Sept. 4-5. John C. Hughes, secy., 529 East Av. B. Hutchinson, Kans.

Co. C, 315TH INF.—Reunion at home of Chas. Breit, Blackwood, N. J., Sept. 12.

51ST PIONEER INF. Assoc.—Reunion, Kingston, N. Y., Sept. 12. Peter Keresman, 69 Florence St., Kingston.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Reunion, 1421 W. Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24. Fred C. Smyth, secy., 732 N. 41st St., Philadelphia.

BTRY. A, 130TH F. A.—Reunion, Topeka, Kans., Sept. 26. Art Henry, 601 New England Bldg., Topeka.

BASE HOSP. 116—Reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 13. Fred C. Freed, M.D., 59 E. 54th St., New York City.

316TH F. S. BN.—For roster, write R. Howry, secy., 351 Turk St., San Francisco, Cal.

319TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5. J. W. Robe, secy., 605 S. River St., Newcomerstown, Ohio.

M. G. Co., 13TH REGT. U. S. MARINES—For roster, write to Edw. J. Howard, 4511 W. Medford Av., Milwaukee, Wis.

PARIS (FRANCE) POST. N. Y. GROUP—Meeting, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sept. 20. Jack Specter, 180 Riverside Dr., New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL
 The Company Clerk

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present plugs may do the trick. A proved inspection service, "Plug-Chek" is offered exclusively by Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealers.

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Color and condition tell if plugs are operating properly. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in getting new life for "spark-weary" engines.



LEGION BLOOD FOR THE HOME FRONT

(Continued from page 27)

given to the boys in this area. Scoutmaster Watson and members of the Troop Committee should be congratulated on their personal work in bringing three Scouts through a training program for recognition as Eagle Scouts."

Paris Post

IN September, 1937, when New York City saw its first national American Legion Convention, Paris Post of the Department of France, held its first reunion in America. The event brought together dozens of members of the Post, some still living in France, others having returned to the homeland, says Jack E. Specter, Liaison Officer, who has been operating in the New York area for some years. The reunions have been held month by month since that initial meeting in 1937.

Then came the Nazis to France and American citizens, members of the Legion Post, had to flee leaving everything behind. Those not so fortunate as to get away are now in German concentration camps in occupied Europe, and are not being treated so well. Paris Post set up its headquarters in New York City, and its monthly meetings are being continued at the 77th Division Club at 28 East 39th Street. It is particularly concerned with the welfare of its members who were left behind. One activity is raising funds for packages to be sent to Legionnaires in concentration camps through the American Red Cross—the "Night in Old Paris" entertainment given at the club house brought in a considerable sum of money.

More than twenty members of Paris Post are back in the armed services together with thirteen members of its Sons of the Legion Squadron. The New York group publishes a monthly paper, *Pershing Hall*, and through this medium keeps close contact with the membership scattered all over the world.

BOYD B. STUTLER

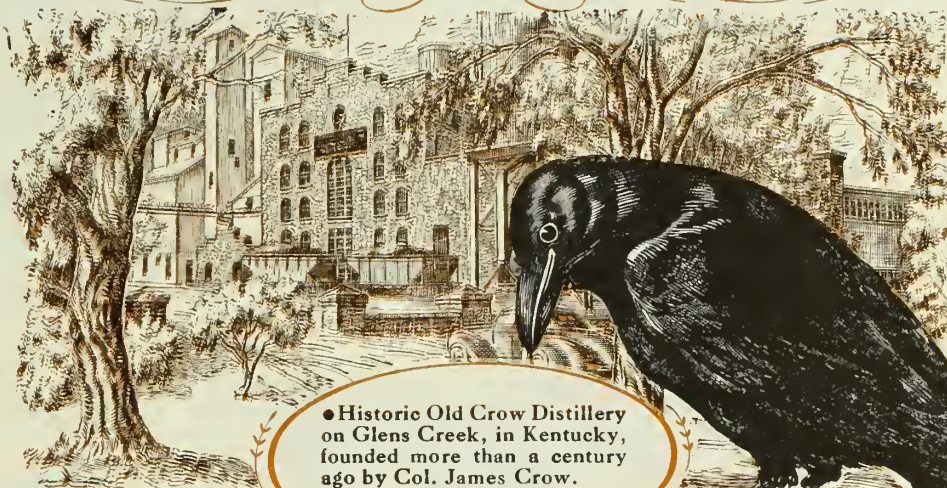
AN ENVELOPE FOR TOJO

If you could send Tojo and his gang a letter, what would you say? Here's a better way—send them bullets instead. An ordinary envelope is equivalent to 50 cartridge plugs. We need millions of cartridge plugs in order to shell Tokyo and Tojo. The Army must have thousands of tons of paper for war purposes. Paper is critical. Use only what is necessary. Waste won't win. Cooperate with your storekeepers in conserving paper. And please cooperate with us in conserving paper. You can by passing this magazine along to a soldier in service when you have finished reading it.

*Enhanced by each passing year
is the fame of this distinguished
Kentucky whiskey*

THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**



• Historic Old Crow Distillery
on Glens Creek, in Kentucky,
founded more than a century
ago by Col. James Crow.

A TRULY GREAT NAME AMONG

AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

*To taste Old Crow today
is to savor the same perfection
in whiskey which generations
of critical drinkers have known
and applauded*



The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have all you want of Old Crow when you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

BOTTLED IN BOND

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old

SEPTEMBER, 1943

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

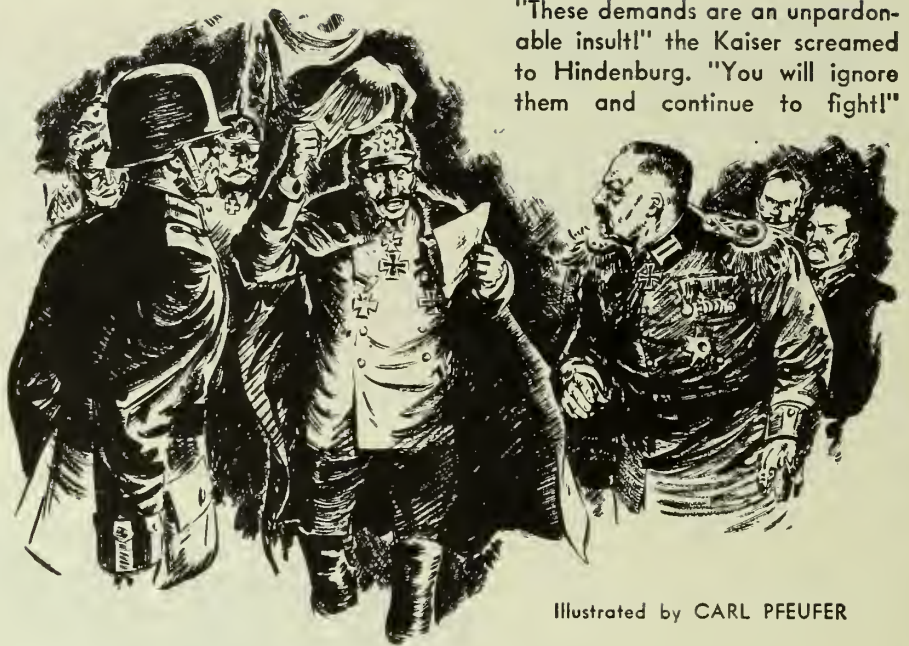
When Foch Talked Turkey

By FRANK JEROME RILEY

Some inside stuff about the negotiations that led to historic scene in the Generalissimo's car in Compiegne Forest

THE time was late afternoon, November 7, 1918. The scene was a large, old-fashioned house on the outskirts of Spa, in German-invaded Belgium. There had been much confusion here all day. High army officers arrived, and after hasty consultation, departed. Despatch bearers came on motorcycles, by plane and automobile.

At a flat-topped desk in a spacious back room sat a big, stern-visaged man dressed in the uniform of an army general. Seated around the wall listening to him with fixed attention were eleven others. Nine of them wore uniforms denoting high military rank. Two were dressed as civilians. The faces of all were solemn and tense, reflecting the gravity of the moment. Presently the big man at the desk arose, saluted the others, then passed among them and shook each by the hand.



Illustrated by CARL PFEUFER

"Gentlemen," he said in a voice vibrant with urgency, "God speed you and guide you for the fatherland." As they passed through the door, he called to them: "The procedure of contact, I hope, is clear to you. Remember, you are to proceed to La Capelle, where you shall await further instructions from me."

Marshal von Hindenburg was sending off his envoys to ask Marshal Foch to end the First World War.

The eleven entered two automobiles, the blinds of which already were drawn. After a torturous ride over shell-ripped roads, they arrived at La Capelle. Here they halted to await orders. They remained in their cars. After a two-hour wait a despatch bearer on a motorcycle rode up to them and handed the leader of the party, Dr. Mathias Erzberger, an envelope. Tearing it open, Dr. Erzberger

read its contents to the others as follows: "Proceed by way of La Capelle Road to the French front. French motorcycle escort will be there awaiting to accompany you across the enemy line. Imperative that you attach two white flags conspicuously to each of your automobiles before starting from La Capelle."

The last words of the despatch had hardly been uttered by Dr. Erzberger, when a large sedan, its brakes screeching as it was brought to a violent stop from its terrific speed, pulled up alongside the party. Half a dozen army officers leaped out.

"By orders of the Supreme Command you are not to carry out this arbitrary mission," angrily declared the leader of the intercepting party.

"And who is the Supreme Command?"

(Continued on page 46)



"Gentlemen," Foch told the German envoys, "you have ten minutes to decide"



WE'RE NOT FORGETTING YOU, MRS. JONES

Millions Like You Are Helping Intercity Buses Do Their Enormous Wartime Job

HOW BUSES KEEP THE HIGHWAYS AT WORK FOR VICTORY

Over 330,000 miles of highways, intercity buses move manpower to war plants and shipyards . . . carry the majority of inductees to induction centers . . . serve more military bases and training camps than any other form of public travel . . . bring needed help to the farmer's gates . . . reach thousands of towns and communities having no other form of public transportation . . . meet ever-increasing needs for essential civilian and military travel . . . 692 million passengers in 1942 . . . an average of thirty-five thousand passengers, per bus, per year!

Change that basket to a traveling bag, take off the apron, put on your hat, and you're the Mrs. Jones the intercity bus lines know so well. Today, we see you on buses only occasionally. But as a typical, travel-loving American, you were with us often before the war. Over scenic highways, at money-saving rates, and in deep-cushioned comfort, buses took you where and when you wanted to go.

Those were peaceful, care-free days. And sure as sunrise they will come again! But buses that once awaited your pleasure now have an ever-growing war job to do . . . *the job of moving more and more millions who depend on buses for war-connected travel.*

And you've taken over a war job too! Whole-heartedly, you've stepped into community activities on the vital home

front . . . doing your part to keep this country a good place to live in, fight for, and come back to. And because it's the patriotic thing to do, you now travel only when necessary. You cooperate by taking as little baggage as possible, by going only on mid-week days, and by accepting unavoidable inconveniences with a smile.

Thank you, Mrs. Jones! Thanks to all the millions who travel with us in this same spirit. We won't forget. Right now, post-war plans are in the making for luxury coaches and terminals that will bring you comfort, convenience and service beyond your dreams. And all those places you're longing to see . . . they'll still be there, they'll still be American, *and they'll still be reached by the highways that buses are keeping at work for victory!*

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

NOW AS IN 1892—It's Kinsey for Enjoyment

FIRST AIR WARDEN: That "all clear" sounded good to me. Now for a breather—join me in a "tall one".

SECOND AIR WARDEN: Say, I'd go for an air raid drill every night if I could always top it off as pleasantly as this . . . with Kinsey.

FIRST AIR WARDEN: Don't try to make me think you need inducements. You're as keen to do your bit for Civilian Defense as your family is way out front in saving scrap metal and kitchen fats. Here's to you and millions like you who are doing what they can

. . . all they can . . . the best way they can.

NOW THE GAY 90'S SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: *Today as in my day it's the same — Kinsey and enjoyment go together. And with Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller still supervising the blending of this Golden Anniversary Whiskey, you can depend upon getting the same good product that always has been the secret of better taste in Kinsey.*

Do as we did . . .

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR!

TEAMWORK'S STILL THE ANSWER

(Continued from page 11)

place, there were only six not particularly strong forts around the chief town on Pantelleria, and one airfield. Many of the guns in these forts were mounted in barbette, that is, they had no overhead protection against either gunfire or bombing. Therefore the gun crews could be easily driven away or else killed and wounded. Furthermore all the water used by the garrison had to be brought in.

In other words, there were none of the fortifications such as the Canadians ran up against in their Commando raid at Dieppe.

Therefore, the bombing of Pantelleria and its surrender without being attacked by ground troops does not furnish a typical example of the resistance which will be met with any time ourselves or the British attempt to oust the Germans from positions they hold. Sicily is a recent example of this.

The reason Pantelleria was not bombed long ago is simply that the air forces possessed no bases from which they could deliver any such bombing. They did not possess any such bases because the air alone was unable to drive the Germans and Italians out of Egypt across Libya and force the surrender of Tunisia. Neither could the air alone occupy French North Africa.

Twice the British got well into Libya from Egypt. Twice they were driven back into Egypt. Why? One, because they relied on an independent air force, only coordinating and cooperating with the ground troops, which were constituted primarily of armored divisions with the infantry and artillery playing a distinctly subordinate part, and not in large enough numbers. Two, each time the Germans used infantry and artillery, tanks and aviation *all as a united whole* under the command of one general.

When the Germans and Italians forced the British back to the Alamein Line and Egypt was in grave danger, two things were done, and if reports are correct, they were done by order of Mr. Churchill. One, there was a considerable reinforcement of the infantry and artillery. Two, was the order that the general in command would designate the targets which he wanted the air forces to attack. At the same time, the United States furnished a number of tanks and tank destroyer artillery as good as, if not better than, the best German tanks and the famous German 88mm. double-purpose anti-aircraft, anti-tank guns.

In other words, the days of independent aviation and the plane-tank team, so much written about in this country (based on utterly erroneous information as to what happened during the campaign in which France fell) were over.

When General Montgomery took command of the British and prepared his plans for attack, he went a step further. His successful attack was not even led by tanks. It was made by infantry with tremendous artillery support, which began a considerable period before the infantry jumped off. The British air's part was strategic long-range bombing and tactical assault on targets in rear of the battlefield as well as on it.

Only after the infantry, with all this support from the artillery and the air, had opened a hole in the center of the Axis line were the British tanks sent in. In practically all prior combats where the British tanks had gone in first the German 88mm. guns lying in wait for them had destroyed many of them. Prior to this combat, airplane photographs showed where these guns had been dug in to lie in wait for the attack of the British tanks. These guns did not fire prior to the battle. Montgomery's artillery brought down a terrific fire upon them. The result was, according to some German reports, that 50 percent of them were put out of action before the infantry advanced. The infantry cleaned out most of them, so that the tanks were free from this terrible menace.

Also the American long-range tank-busting artillery which could stay out of

range of the German tanks and the shells of which could pierce the armor of German tanks, did heavy damage to the German tanks before the British tanks were really engaged. One German tank division moving from the south to the north was caught en route by British aviation and heavily punished.

The losses which the Axis forces suffered in this battle were so great that from then on they were unable to meet the British on equal terms. The best they could do was to fight rear-guard action while hoping to escape. With British and American troops occupying French North Africa and waiting for them when they arrived in Tunisia, with additional German and Italian reinforcements insufficient in number to make good their losses, much less to bring them to anything like the strength of their enemies, with the sea at their backs under control of British and American air and naval forces, their position was hopeless. They were greatly outnumbered in the air, the number of tanks they possessed was only a fraction of the number with which their enemies faced them. Their gasoline was so low that many of the captured tanks were found to have practically none.

Yet, despite this, they had managed to hold up Montgomery's army for sev-

IN MEMORIAM

STRICKEN with a heart attack while on his way to the Michigan North Woods for a well-earned rest, Frank E. Samuel, National Adjutant of The American Legion, died in the waiting room of the railroad station at Negaunee, Michigan, on Sunday, July 25th. Though slightly ill for some time before leaving National Headquarters at Indianapolis, his health was not thought to be seriously impaired. News of his sudden death came as a stunning shock not only to his associates at National Headquarters, but to the entire Legion and other friends.

For a full quarter of a century Frank Samuel had been part and parcel of the Legion; it was his life, and to it he gave unstintingly of his fine talent. Fewer men are better known to the rank and file of the organization, and none more beloved. Frank Samuel dealt with all ranks; he traveled extensively in his official work and his letters for a quarter of a century went out in a constant stream to high and low alike. His passing will be mourned as a personal loss by all the members of the organization.

Born in Downing, Missouri, on December 31, 1889, he lived in Wichita and Topeka, Kansas, before he established his permanent home at Indianapolis in 1924. He was graduated from Fairmount College, now the University of Wichita, in 1912, and from 1912 to 1916 was a teacher of English in Canton Christian College, now Lingnan University at Canton, China.

Returning to his home city, Wichita, just before our country became involved in the



FRANK E. SAMUEL
1889-1943

First World War, he was ready for service when the call came. His first service was as a Y. M. C. A. secretary assigned to a hut in Camp Funston, Kansas, but after a short while he resigned that position and enlisted in the Army. Assigned to Headquarters Company, 353d Infantry, 89th Division, then in training at Camp Funston, he went to France with his outfit and was promoted to corporal. Sent to an Officers Training School just before the opening of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, he was in training as an officer candidate when the Armistice was signed.

Upon discharge in the summer of 1919, he became interested in the new organization of service men and assisted in the organization of Thomas Hopkins Post of

The American Legion in Wichita, and in July, 1919, became Assistant Department Adjutant of the Kansas Legion, then forming. Elected Department Adjutant in October, 1919, he continued in that position until February 15, 1924, when he joined the staff at National Headquarters, Indianapolis. Two years later he was made Assistant National Adjutant, and in 1932, by appointment of National Commander Louis A. Johnson, he became National Adjutant.

Frank Samuel never married. Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Dolly Mae Samuel, of Glendale, California; a brother, Guy Samuel of Wichita, and a sister, Mrs. Herbert L. Haight of Swartz Creek, Michigan.

Funeral services were held at Indianapolis on Wednesday, July 28th, with burial the following day in the family plot at Wichita.

Famous Highs by C.A. Voigher

Butterfly high!

WORLD'S BIGGEST BUTTERFLY IS THE FEMALE PAPILIO GOLIATH WITH A WING EXPANSE OF 8 INCHES! DO YOU KNOW THE BIGGEST TREAT IN BOURBONS? IT'S TODAY'S **SUPER-SMOOTH, SUPER-SATISFYING TEN HIGH!**



Parachute high!

A RUSSIAN AVIATOR PLUNGED 38,713 FEET TO SET A HIGH MARK FOR PARACHUTE JUMPING. BUT YOU CAN SET A RECORD FOR BOURBON ENJOYMENT JUST BY STEPPING UP TO TEN HIGH, THE FAMOUS WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!



eral days, as well as those troops of the British First Army attempting to flank them and cut them off in the rear.

The whole of the North African campaign proved that it is not aviation alone nor ground troops without aviation, but aviation with ground troops acting together which brings victory.

Furthermore, it proved that to this combination must be added the warships, also working as part of the whole. All the material used by the British and American troops, all their supplies, all the gasoline, oil and thousands of other items needed by aviation to establish their airfields and keep their ships flying, including the fighter planes, had to be brought by sea, in ships, with the British and American navies to safeguard them from enemy attack.

The principal lesson of the North African campaign, which after all started about three years before the Axis was run out, is that aviation is helpless without the Navy to bring everything necessary across the seas and without the ground troops necessary to beat the enemy's ground troops, and thus give aviation the bases without which they cannot attack the enemy.

This is the reason why Crete has not been bombed and also why the Dodecanese Islands between Crete and Turkey had not been bombed, at this writing. After Tunisia was conquered by the ground troops with aviation, Pantelleria was only 52 miles away. Crete is 360 miles from Cyprus and 380 miles from the closest point in North Africa. The principal Dodecanese Islands are 300 miles from Cyprus and 360 miles from the closest point in Africa. Reliable information indicates that both Crete and the Dodecanese Islands are far better fortified than Pantelleria and that with a German garrison in the case of Crete and probably some German troops mixed with the Italians in the Dodecanese, no amount of bombing will bring about the surrender.

In other words, these islands will have to be captured by a combination of bombing, shelling by battleships and the landing of troops under fire who will fight their way ashore and then conquer the garrisons, as in Sicily.

The real measuring rod for this war is the Russian front—approximately 2,000 miles from the Black Sea to the Baltic with millions of ground troops and thousands of tanks and artillery on both sides and thousands of planes.

What would have happened to the Russians had they relied upon aviation alone and had had no ground forces numbering millions? Of course they would have been utterly defeated two years ago. Russian aviators have warned the British and ourselves that aviation alone cannot win the war and that the bombing of Germany does not constitute a second front. The Russians keep insisting that only the landing of enough

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



"can you people make GYRO-COMPASSES?"

THIS WAS THE QUESTION the U. S. Navy asked us on February 5, 1942.

Our answer, "We ought to be able to . . . How soon can we see one?"

With the coming of the war these gyro-compasses were needed in large quantity to equip the ships of our rapidly expanding Navy and Merchant Marine. They had never been built in quantity production.

To save time one of the big thirteen hundred pound Sperry Gyro-Compasses

IT CAME OVERNIGHT, FROM
BROOKLYN TO DETROIT BY
FAST PASSENGER TRAIN



was sent from Brooklyn to Detroit by fast passenger train. It was in our hands next morning and we took it apart for study, piece by piece.

The gyro-compass is an intricate, scientific instrument of navigation which unerringly points (and holds) true North. It is not influenced by electrical or magnetic disturbances that affect the ordinary compass.

The heart of the gyro-compass is its large fifty pound rotor, a kind of fly-

IT FINDS THE TRUE NORTH
AND KEEPS IT



wheel, which is spun at the rate of six thousand revolutions a minute by its own in-built electric motor.

We found the compass to contain over ten thousand mechanical parts, with

delicate electrical arrangements whereby the rotation of the world itself, and the constant forces of gravity, are harnessed and used for direction and control of the spinning rotor.

Promptly we sent men of wide experience in precision manufacture, electrical engineering and mechanical processes to Brooklyn, New York, where they studied at first hand the technical construction and assembly of this intricate mechanism. They were greatly aided in these studies by the Sperry Gyroscope

SCORES OF DRAWINGS,
BLUEPRINTS AND
SPECIFICATIONS



Company, Inc., long experienced in gyro-compass manufacture.

Study of the drawings, specifications and the parts of the compass, helped us decide which parts we would manufacture ourselves and which we would subcontract to other companies. Our master mechanics made plans for more than five thousand special tools and fixtures. Our planning department began to order production material. We made the final selections of men from our organization whose abilities clearly fitted them for supervision of the many tasks of gyro-compass manufacture. We placed our first

EVERY PIECE AND EVERY
ASSEMBLY TESTED FOR
BALANCE AND PRECISION



orders among three hundred and fifty subcontractors.

While these things were going on we began to build two complete compasses without waiting for completion of our regular production facilities. By the time these jobs were finished our manufacturing arrangements were made and the quantity production of gyro-compasses actually began.

In our production program we were guided by the same principles that we had used successfully in the building of cars and trucks. We believe that if each individual part of the machine (however intricate) is made right, and the assemblies of the parts are right, the finished product cannot help but be right.

In manufacturing the gyro-compass all of the thousands of big and little parts undergo the most rigorous test and inspection. They must always register a perfect score in their successive balance and precision trials.

When a compass is completed it is given its final test on a special machine which accurately duplicates the roll, pitch, and yaw of a vessel navigating



WE HAD TO DUPLICATE THE PITCH
AND TOSS OF THE OCEAN
FOR OUR FINAL TEST

a very rough sea. When this test is concluded, and the final adjustments are made, the compass is ready for immediate installation on the ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine.

This very rapid calendar of events is, of course, our most gratifying answer to the question asked us by the Navy on Feb. 5, 1942,—"Can You People Make Gyro-Compasses?"

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER

⌈ WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY ⌋



Let's hope it's soon, soldier!

SOLDIER (*dreaming*): Boy, oh boy, what a morning! Just the right bite in the air to make those birds fidgety. Just the right amount of overcast and wind. And millions of ducks! Lookit that bunch coming in to give our decoys the once-over. Here goes for that big drake in the lead. Bang . . . ouch! What a kick this gun has! . . . Okay, sarge, go easy, will ya . . . I'm awake!

LET'S HOPE it's soon again, soldier, that you'll be back in your favorite duck blind . . . for that represents one of the American rights we're all fighting for.

We're fighting not only for the Four Freedoms . . . but for freedom to go hunting or fishing or whatever we do for recreation . . . in peace, unregimented, and with no one to say *verboten*.

Here at Remington we are doing everything we can to speed the day of victory...

— during 1942, Remington produced enough small arms ammunition to fire 300 times at every Axis soldier.

— during the last 7½ months of that year alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire country produced during all four years of World War I.

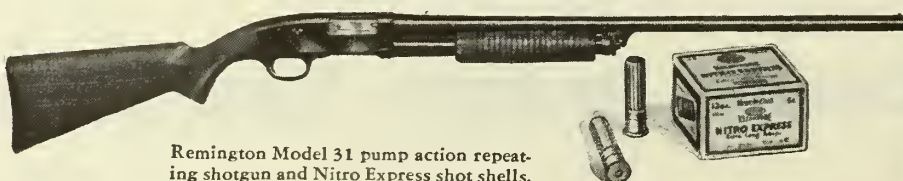
— thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.

— and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."

The many thousands of us who are Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with Remington's distinguished line of sporting rifles and shotguns, and such famous ammunition as Nitro Express shells, Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's, and Core-Lokt big game bullets. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

"Nitro Express," "Kleanbore," "Hi-Speed" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; "Core-Lokt" a trademark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Remington



Remington Model 31 pump action repeating shotgun and Nitro Express shot shells.

Divisions in many places on the continent of Europe at one and the same time to draw into action the 100 German Divisions held in reserve and also Divisions from the Russian front will constitute the second front necessary to insure the complete defeat of Germany.

They point out that the heavy bombing of Germany did not prevent the Germans from starting a new offensive in Russia heavily supported by air.

In the last war the Allies had a front from the Adriatic across Southern Albania and Northern Greece, with Salonika as the central supply point. When the British sent troops to Greece in this war they planned to re-establish this front. Had they succeeded, British and American planes, once we were in the war, could have attacked the Rumanian oil fields, the valley of the Danube, the German right flank and rear during the fighting in Russia. They failed to establish this line and were driven out of Greece and Crete. Why?

The reason is simple. It is the reason why General Wavell recommended that no such expeditionary force should be sent—*lack of ground troops*.

From the downfall of Poland to the moment in which I write this in late July, and above all in the two years' fighting in Russia, the lesson is clear. It is never ground troops versus aviation or vice versa—it is always ground troops *with* aviation.

The lesson at sea is the same. Such fighting as has taken place in the Pacific proves it beyond any doubt. There again and again it has been shown that it is warships *with* aviation *with* ground troops all operating together under a single command which produces victory. Those who cite the battle of the Bismarck Sea dodge the essential fact, which is that no Japanese battleships were involved; that only cruisers, destroyers, supply ships and transports were sunk.

What answer have the Douhetites got to one of our new 35,000-ton battleships which fought off by her fire three attacks of 84 Japanese torpedo planes and dive bombers, of which she shot down 32? If the fire power of a 35,000-ton ship can do this, what will the fire power of our newest 45,000-ton battleships do? And when this battleship did this, she was guarding an airplane carrier. The airplane carrier was not guarding her.

The only country today which has an independent aviation under a civilian cabinet minister, which is the system we are being urged to copy, is Great Britain. But even in Britain the Navy has its own aviation, and furthermore, the artillery is developing an aviation of its own for purposes of artillery reconnaissance and regulation of fire. In Russia the aviation is under the Chief of Staff, as is the army. The troops in combat are divided up into Fronts, or what we would call Groups or Armies,



Lookit! Isn't She a Beaut?

HERE'S ED all grins over his first tomato—right out of his own backyard garden. Sure, it's a little on the midget side. And it is kind of green around the stalk.

Not much of a tomato, really . . . but to Ed it's one of those little things that somehow mean so much these days to all of us . . .

Raising your own Victory Garden, or settling down with your favorite newspaper, or calling on a new neighbor . . .

Sure, they're just *little* privileges, simple pleasures but they make you feel *good* inside. They boost the old morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy

a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—*morale is a lot of little things like this.*

Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS



N O HIGHER
PRAISE
FOR ANY
BOURBON...

*There is
nothing better in
the market*



100 PROOF

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC. • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the great wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Each commanding general at the Front receives his orders from the Chief of Staff. These commanding generals do not request coöperation and coördination from the Russian aviation, they order it and get it. The Japanese navy has its own aviation as is true of our Navy. The balance of Japanese aviation belongs to the army as is true with us. In Germany General von Keitel commands all military forces—sea, land and air.

Under our existing system, General Arnold is the Chief of all our aviation except that belonging to the Navy. Furthermore, though he is a subordinate of General Marshall, Chief of Staff, he is a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which includes Admiral Leahy, the Chief of Staff to the President, Admiral King, and General Marshall.

The war to date proves conclusively that if we are to get the fullest value in combat from the wonderful powers of the aviation which we are building, the strongest in the world, we must thoroughly integrate it with the ground forces and the sea forces in combat, instead of adding one more independent force to the two which we have—the Army and the Navy. For many years there has been an increasing trend to integrate the Army and the Navy for combat purposes. This has been greatly accelerated by the establishment of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the recent order bringing into existence the Joint Army and Navy War College, in which Army and Navy officers and aviation officers of both are being trained to be commanders and staff officers of forces made up of all three.

Furthermore, Douhet's predictions as to what the next war would be have been proved wrong by the war going on.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Does Your Post Do These Jobs?

(Continued from page 21)

Organize a ritual team so that the Legion program may be more impressively presented to World War II veterans upon their enrolment in the Legion.

Make Post homes or clubrooms available to service men home on furlough and to those stationed in or near the city. Have a Legionnaire present who can discuss their problems with them.

All Posts should start immediately compiling lists of those who have entered, or are about to enter, the service from the community.

American Legion Hospitality Cards should be presented to the men in service from the community. The cards can be secured without cost from Department Headquarters. More than a million have been distributed to date.

Sponsor farewell parties for men and women as they leave home to enter the service.

Post Service Officers should immediately contact World War II veterans already discharged because of wounds or disabilities and offer the assistance of the Legion in filing claims for veteran benefits.

Hold Post meetings periodically to which should be invited the immediate families of the men and women in the service for the purpose of explaining the services of The American Legion and to present copies of the booklet *At Home and the Gold and Silver Star certificates*.

Develop new activities for World War II in accordance with the needs in the community.

Buy War Bonds

of

the 15 Billion

War Loan Drive

Opening

September 9th

"Back the Attack"



**HAVE
TROUBLE
KEEPING
"REGULAR"?**

TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK FIRST

Juice of 1 lemon in glass of water first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find that the juice of one lemon in a glass of water, taken first thing on arising, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—gently. And lemon and water is good for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (citric) and

supply valuable amounts of B₁. They alkalize—aid digestion. Millions not troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a health builder.

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P.S.—LEMON & SODA—Same prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quirts.



Keep regular the *Healthful* way!

LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising

**OFFICIAL
SERVICE FLAGS**



Honor YOUR Service Man with this beautiful Service Flag in your window or home. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

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No. 23—10x15", each75
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Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also
Order today. Satisfaction or money back.

Special sizes for Churches, Lodges, Business Houses.

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A permanent tribute—beautiful walnut plaque with eagle and Victory torches. Gold bordered name plates, with names in silver. Send for illustrated price list. U. S. Flags, Christian and Papal Flags for Churches. Send for price list.

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25¢

TWO-WAR LEGION

(Continued from page 21)

The returning heroes of this war will have seen much more of the world than did their older brothers, but they will know that they have seen nothing better than the old home town, nothing more desirable than the American Way. National Commander Roane Waring has visited and talked with the fighting men in the North African theater and in training centers in this country, and he has found that the men of World War II have the same thoughts as the men of '17 and '18. The National Commander daily receives letters from soldiers and sailors on battle stations all over the world, and these letters record the same thoughts on the subject of practical Americanism that the fighting men of twenty-five years ago had. Letters reaching national headquarters state in no uncertain terms that the fighters of today want no mollicoddling of strikers in defense industries, that no strike in time of war is justifiable, that they need the arms and ammunition.

Nor do they want any kid-glove handling of conscientious objectors, draft dodgers, and enemy aliens. They want the America they are fighting for to be

CHRISTMAS MAIL

The War Department has designated September 15th to October 15th as the Christmas mailing period for sending packages to soldiers and sailors serving overseas.

No written requests from the men in service will be required to mail Christmas packages to them during that period.

The limit of each package will be five pounds. The limit in size will be 15 inches in length and 36 inches in total dimensions, length plus girth.

Only one package will be accepted from any individual or concern. No perishable articles may be sent, and sending of fragile articles will be discouraged.

The War Department has pointed out that careful observance of its suggestions will be the only way to insure reasonably prompt service in delivering Christmas packages to servicemen overseas.

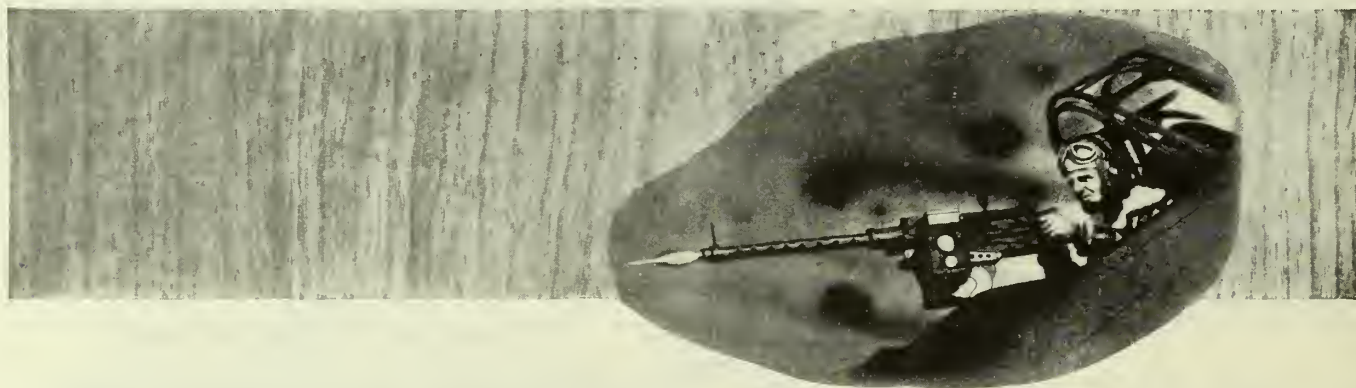
here when they return, and they are determined that it shall be an America of good will and tolerance and understanding and fair play, the America we all dream about and plan for.

So the course of the Legion today,

through its World War II liaison work, is directed toward service for the veterans of this war, toward making available to them the benefits which, through twenty-five years of Legion effort, are now available to their older comrades and toward planning so that, when peace comes and these service men and women return to civilian life, their problems of adjustment will be less difficult of solution.

With much of the groundwork laid, these men can be depended upon to further develop their program of rehabilitation based upon their needs at that time. The entire machinery of the Legion is rapidly being geared to assist the fighting men of this war and their families at home. The experience of the Legion specialists in veteran affairs is now at the disposal of soldiers, sailors, marines, and members of their auxiliary services.

The men and women of World War II will not have to travel the rough road of the pioneer in the rehabilitation, child welfare, legislative, and Americanism problems of the veteran as did the men of World War I. They will not have to use the trial and error method. The American Legion, with its trained personnel, its years of experience, is on the job now and is seeking further opportunities to serve its uniformed comrades of today.



When the Sporting Arms Industry goes to War

Whenever war threatens . . . immediately the skill, experience and facilities of the makers of sporting arms become available to our Government as an important source for producing military equipment.

As in World War I, so today the industry is proving to be a vital factor in the production of enormous quantities of essential small arms.

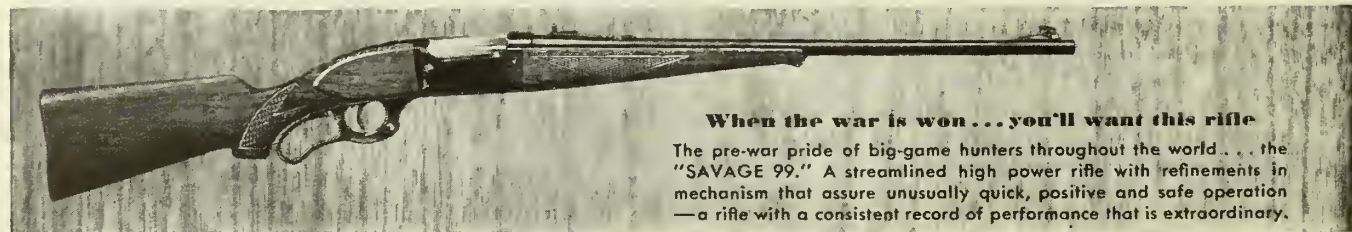
We at "Savage" are making Browning Aircraft Machine Guns that have won commendation throughout the world for dependable and devastating fire power. And other guns and military rifles — in quantities that once seemed impossible.

Savage Arms Corporation
Utica, N. Y.



Our Army-Navy "E" pennant bears the white star signifying "continued determination and patriotism in war production."

SAVAGE



When the war is won . . . you'll want this rifle

The pre-war pride of big-game hunters throughout the world . . . the "SAVAGE 99." A streamlined high power rifle with refinements in mechanism that assure unusually quick, positive and safe operation — a rifle with a consistent record of performance that is extraordinary.

ENGLISH CHANNEL IS RIGHT!

(Continued from page 9)

matter of speeches and parades but a nasty, messy job of picking shattered bodies out of the dust—literally the dust—that a moment ago was homes and factory buildings.

What the men in the planes did was not known to us, for no man in modern war sees much more than his own immediate job. Probably they used us for make-believe live targets. Our own gunners sighted on them, in that broad July daylight, and pretended they were enemy planes rather than our own.

Did you ever watch them operate an anti-aircraft gun? You would be surprised. You don't aim the gun and fire it. You don't even see what you are shooting at, let alone do the aiming. Rather, the crew of sixteen men who operate the four-inch anti-aircraft guns take their signals from the range-finder director and a crew of four who perch inside a rotating tower just back of the captain's bridge. Four men glue their eyes to telescopes and gun-sights.

Immediately below this control tower a squad of four men, working on four-hour watches day and night, operate a series of machines which mathematically compute wind-drift, the effect of the roll of the ship and the speed of the plane, and deliver figures on a dial for setting the fuse on the anti-aircraft shells. This transmitting center is the nerve-center of the guns. A separate electrical machine in one corner delivers shooting information for anti-submarine and anti-surface craft. As you spin the dials in this transmission center similar dials come to a point at the guns themselves. When the range-finder director correlates all the information and gives the exact range, it is a matter of split-seconds for the gun-crews to aim their guns. The final command to fire can come from the captain or the gunnery officer on the bridge; it can come from the officer who sits, with headphones pressed to his ears, in the control tower.

You and I as amateurs in the arts of war get but a faint glimpse of the technical details back of the firing of a single gun. As I watched the maneuvers I got some insight into the amazing co-ordination and planning that wages a successful war. Here was nothing hasty and impetuous. Here was small opportunity for the free-lance. Rather, every pilot in those 52 U.S. planes we counted overhead was flying in exact formation, in accordance with prescribed orders.

WHEN will invasion come?

It may well take place before this article can be air-mailed from London to New York and put into print. It

may not take place before next spring.

Perhaps the first actual landing will take place as simply as did similar landings in North Africa and Sicily, and then perhaps too will come months of silence. You who read the newspapers back home will be hungry for headlines. You will ask, "Why don't our troops advance?" You will not know the details of the busy planning that goes on in advance to insure victory.

Remember this. After our troops had made a successful landing in North Africa, not a single forward move was

made for six long months. Six months to bring in whole railroad engines and tracks and warehouses. Six months to unload tanks and ammunitions, to pile up reserve stocks of fuel and food and water, to make sure that once our troops did advance they would be kept supplied.

We moved immediately after landing in Sicily because of that vast preparation.

It is hard to be patient in war.

It is harder than ever, now we have taken the aggressive, to understand why we cannot immediately march forward.



If you hear the operator say that, it means that the line you want is crowded and other calls are waiting. . . . We're sure you'll understand and co-operate cheerfully—in the interests of better wartime telephone service for everybody.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Getting Up Nights Makes Many Feel Old

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, sooty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

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New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says, "I've used blades over 730 times. RAZOROLL really sharpens blades because it strokes on leather. Gives keen, smooth shaving edges. No guess-work. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Handsome, compact, sturdy. Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift."



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Grandfather says:

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Simple
Relieves pain and soreness

For relief from the torture of simple Piles, PAZO ointment has been famous for more than thirty years. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.

Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores!

You and I, on the sidelines, see nothing of the months of day-and-night watching that have turned the English Channel from a burying-ground of ships into a peaceful ocean. Now that I have been there I appreciate some of the bitterness of this, the greatest of all wars.

Not a life was lost in the maneuvers I watched, on my fifth day aboard a British destroyer at sea. Not an enemy vessel was sunk; not a single enemy plane brought down. The enemy was so close, right there in occupied France, that if the wind had been favorable we might almost have smelled the Gestapo cooking its stolen foods to fatten its unnatural belly. Yet not a single gun was fired at us. The enemy is on the retreat. The enemy is waiting.

It was a costly rehearsal that I saw. The British army officers on board our destroyer were making their own notes as to how their land forces could co-operate more fully with the sea and air forces when the moment for invading the Continent from the west actually

comes. No doubt the British Admiralty and the Eighth U.S. Bomber Command likewise learned much—I am not in their confidence, and in this war no man tells even his friend all he knows and thinks.

But though this rehearsal for invasion was costly in fuel oil and high octane gasoline, costly in the pay of thousands of sailors and dozens, maybe hundreds, of skilled aviators, it was thrifty in saving our men's lives. Because our fighting forces are learning to coördinate to the fullest extent the fighting power of planes and guns and land forces and ships, we are at last beginning to win this war. The cost in lives will be considerable. It would be inconceivably high, and victory would be as impossible as it was at the rout of Dunkirk, if American and British forces were not even now rehearsing with a scientific deadliness, to finish this war at a minimum cost of precious lives.

One day Hitler will find himself grimly fighting in the west as he is now in the south and in the east.

WHEN FOCH TALKED TURKEY

(Continued from page 34)

demanding Dr. Erzberger, in command of the group.

"His Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm!" was the sharp retort.

For two hours they argued back and forth there on La Capelle Road, and blows were averted only by the cooler heads of both parties. Finally, the interceptors, after a conference among themselves, withdrew. The envoys went on.

Marshal Foch, in his field headquarters in a railroad coach, standing on a spur-line at Rethondes, in the Forest of Compiègne, had received word by wireless from the French High Commission in Paris, that same morning, stating that von Hindenburg had sent a request that Foch receive his envoys, and ask that they be provided a French escort over the line. They likely would arrive before nightfall, the message added.

Edward N. Hurley, of Chicago, then chairman of the United States Shipping Board and president of the wartime Emergency Fleet Corporation, had been the guest of Marshal Foch in his railroad car headquarters for two days previous to the receipt of this message.

In an interview I had with Mr. Hurley shortly before his death, he revealed to me this hitherto unpublished drama behind the scenes of the Armistice:

"Marshal Foch became somewhat indisposed shortly after dinner that evening," he related. "He waited for the German delegates until 7 o'clock. Remarking that perhaps they had changed their plans about coming the Marshal retired for the night. At 9 o'clock he was awakened and informed that the German plenipotentiaries had arrived

and were in their cars outside. Foch calmly instructed one of his aides to take the delegates to the Château-Francfort to spend the night. He would see them the next morning. Next morning at 9 o'clock they were back again at the railroad car. I shall never forget the expression on their faces as they caught the first sight of Foch.

"There was no exchange of greetings. Marshal Foch sat at his desk at the far end of the car from the entrance. He did not even glance up as the delegates entered. He was writing something on a pad. Dr. Erzberger, one of the two civilians, broke the embarrassing silence.

"'Marshal Foch,' Erzberger began, 'we are at your mercy. Our reserves of men and ammunition are exhausted and we no longer can continue the war. The German Government has been advised by President Wilson that you are qualified to communicate the Allies' conditions.' Erzberger spoke in French.

"I can visualize vividly now the expressionless countenance of that great French soldier as he sat there contemplating Erzberger silently for fully thirty seconds after the German had ceased speaking.

"Finally, Foch reached into the inside pocket of his uniform and withdrew a long sheet of paper. Very slowly unfolding it, he read the terms under which he would grant an armistice. He read in a loud, clear voice. When he had finished, Dr. Erzberger asked if he would permit him to send the terms to General von Hindenburg, and if he would order hostilities suspended pending the reply. Foch handed him the paper.

"You may submit these terms to

your headquarters, but I refuse to stop hostilities in the meantime,' said Foch.

"Erzberger turned to a uniformed companion, whom he addressed as Captain Helldorf and, giving him the copy of the terms, ordered him to drive to Spa and return with von Hindenburg's instructions, with all possible speed. That ended the first interview. Marshal Foch, after presenting each of the delegates copies of the conditions of peace, instructed an aide to accompany them back to the Château-Francfort, where they were to remain pending the reply.

"At one o'clock on the morning of November 11th, a sentry awakened Marshal Foch to announce that the German envoys were outside and wanted to see him on a matter of the utmost urgency. Foch ordered the sentry to show them into the car. They were seated when Marshal Foch came out of his sleeping compartment. He was in his pajamas. He had in his hand a watch and a copy of the terms of the armistice. Nor was there any greeting between them on this occasion.

"Dr. Erzberger again was the first to speak.

"We regret the delay,' he apologized. 'Our courier was held up by the bombarding all along the route from here to Spa. General headquarters only an hour ago got in touch with us by wireless and instructed us to sign, but asks your consideration of a few changes.'

"What are they?' demanded Marshal Foch, with a little show of irritation. Dr. Erzberger indicated eighteen of the thirty-five articles. Three hours and fifty minutes later they were still arguing over the changes which the Germans wanted. Suddenly Foch, now obviously infuriated, stood up and looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen, you have ten minutes to decide!' he said with a gesture of finality. They signed without further protest. It was exactly 5 o'clock that morning when the German delegates walked out of the car. There was no handshaking, no goodbyes.

"With the roar of the motorcycle escort still audible in the car as Dr. Erzberger and his companions started back over the battle front, Foch turned to an aide, standing at expectant attention, and gave this momentous command:

"Order all firing ceased along the entire front at 11 o'clock this morning!"

MR. HURLEY continued:

"James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and I were having dinner together at the Rice Hotel in Houston, Texas. We were in Houston as delegates to the annual convention of the National Foreign Trade Council. Mr. Farrell called attention to a man sitting at a nearby table, who, he whispered, had had his eyes riveted on

me. 'Do you know him, Ed?' he asked.

"I looked into the man's face, and there was an armistice envoy with whom I had become acquainted during those trying hours at the Château-Francfort. He, too, was attending the convention as a representative of a foreign industry. We dined together frequently, my German friend and I, during our stay in Houston, and he told me, in minute detail the whole story.

"It is true that Captain Helldorf, the courier who carried the conditions of the armistice from the Rethondes forest to Spa, had considerable difficulty picking his way through. But the real reason for the delay was the Kaiser himself.

"Marshal von Hindenburg, together with other high army officers was at his desk, listening to an account from an eye witness of the attempt to intercept the peace delegation at La Capelle, when the Kaiser, flanked by a heavy escort, walked into headquarters. He completely lost control of himself.

"You shall not make this sacrifice!' he cried in the face of Hindenburg, who stood for seconds in frozen immobility at the sight of the monarch. Hindenburg, recovering himself, tried to explain to Wilhelm that to carry on the war thirty days longer would mean the total destruction of Germany.

"You lie! You are a traitor and all those who condone your act are traitors!' shouted the emperor. Efforts to calm him aggravated him all the more. He would wait, he said, to see what conditions the French would demand. And he waited! When the courier arrived he snatched the despatch from his hand, tore it open and read it to himself with an air of extreme contempt.

"These demands are an unpardonable insult!' he fairly screamed. 'You will ignore them and continue to fight!'

"Von Hindenburg could not get the document away from him. The Kaiser jammed the peace terms into the pocket of his heavy black cloak, and bolted out of the headquarters, calling back over his shoulder, 'I will stop this peace-begging humiliation and summarily punish those responsible for it!'

"Von Hindenburg was desperate. He finally was compelled to establish wireless communication between his headquarters and his equally-desperate envoys at Compiègne, to learn the nature of the French demands. And, when he heard what they were, his instructions to Dr. Erzberger were these:

"Try to have it modified, but by all means sign it, and without delay.'

"And then von Hindenburg dispatched his message to the Kaiser:

"Serious consequences await you or anyone else who attempts to countermand my instructions to ask for peace!'

"Nothing in reply was heard from the Kaiser," concluded Mr. Hurley. "He had made his last stand."

FALSE TEETH WEARERS WHY RISK THESE TWO DANGERS BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?



DENTURE BREATH..LOOSENED PLATES

Brushing your plates with makeshift cleaners, such as tooth pastes, tooth powders and soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. These scratches cause odorous stains, film and food particles to *collect faster, cling tighter*—resulting in Denture Breath. Besides, such brushing may wear down the delicate fitting ridges and thus loosen your plate.

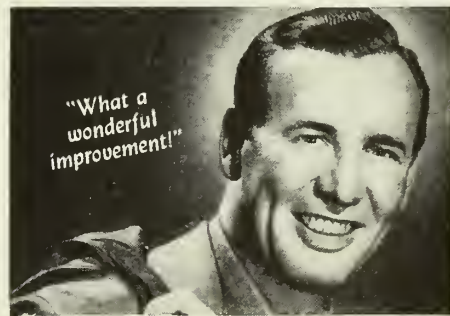
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No brushing, no danger when you *soak* your plates in Polident. No worry about scratching or wearing down the plate. Yet, the daily Polident bath gets your plates sparkling clean and odor-free. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials.



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If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping, wheezing—write quick for daring FREE TRIAL OFFER of blessed relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write NACOR, 956-A State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT JUNE 30, 1943

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 622,320.80
Accounts receivable	71,006.20
Inventories	188,881.59
Invested funds	2,910,522.35
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	222,627.79
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	122,708.21
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	42,946.71
Deferred charges	26,242.33
	\$4,207,255.98

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$ 85,249.89
Funds restricted as to use	67,354.75
Deferred revenue	427,618.18
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	222,627.79
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital ... \$2,885,087.33	
Unrestricted Capital .. 519,318.04	\$3,404,405.37
	\$4,207,255.98

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

KINDERGARTEN FOR FLYERS

(Continued from page 15)

as many as among those who had taken one or more CAA kindergarten courses.

For the record—although this is not an attempt to give credit to a few men when the results are actually due to the loyal teamwork of hundreds—Jesse H. Jones has been Secretary of Commerce throughout the period during which the CAA has given flight training. Robert H. Hinckley, Special Aviation Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, was one of the leaders who conceived and organized the program. William A. M. Burden

succeeded Mr. Hinckley as Special Aviation Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce in July 1942. Donald H. Connolly (now Major General Connolly) was CAA Administrator when the program started. Charles I. Stanton, Deputy CAA Administrator at the beginning of the program, became Acting Administrator in January 1942, and Administrator in July 1942. Since January 1943, R. McLean Stewart, as Executive Director of Training, has been in charge of the WTS program. John P. Morris has been Director of Training throughout.

TO BEAT THE DUTCH

(Continued from page 13)

shadow across a high window that was not shuttered but covered with a drawn blind. Moonglow that laid the panes' diamond pattern on the luminous oblong, blotched it, just above the sill, with the black and unmistakable silhouette of a German's steel helmet.

In that moment the youth stirred. "Ride him!" Margriet's palm was not quick enough to stifle the thick tongued shout of delirium. "Ride him, cowboy!"

"Did he hear?" the girl breathed. "Doctor. Did the Nazi hear him?"

A pulse fluttered in the shadowed hollow of her white throat. . . . The helmet slid from the window.

Guilden's fingers probed the bruise-mottled leg. Earth ground too deeply into the American's knees to be washed out, told of a long, tortured crawl. "It isn't broken, but he did wrench it badly when he came down." Vinegar smell stung his nostrils as he soaked with *Liquor Burovi* one of the gauze pads he'd gotten from the Germans. He laid it on the leg. "The fever must—" The door to this room was shut tight but the pound of a revolver butt on the one from the street was very distinct.

"Ofnet!" The muffled shout was intelligible. "Open up!"

Peter Guilden spiraled a bandage—also German—over the wet pad, deftly and without haste. The house reverberated with insistent hammering. "Coming," the old woman shrilled, in the outer room. "I'm coming," and the pounding stopped. Margriet's white hand was pressed tight on the American's mouth. The lamp in her other hand quivered with a continuous small tinkling from its loose chimney. "What is it?" Katya Imborg quavered. "What do you want?"

Guilden knotted his neat bandage, straightened up. Margriet's eyes followed him as he started toward the door. The guttural voice was clearer now, the old woman must have opened the door. "You know what I want," it said grimly. "A light shows from that other room."

"A light— Oh. My granddaughter

must have forgotten to draw the shade."

"Your granddaughter, huh? Well, tell her. . . . Wait! She's that *saftig* blonde, isn't she, that walks past a man as if he wasn't there at all. I think I'll tell her myself." A chuckle. "Yes, I'll go and tell her myself."

A foot grated on the sanded floor. "No. No, you can't go in there. She—she's not dressed."

"That's what I thought . . . let go of me, you old bitch. Let me go, or I'll—" Guilden opened the door just enough to let him through, pulled it closed behind him. "Ach!" the loutish *soldat* whose gray-green sleeve the grandmother clutched, stared at him. "Der Herr Doktor Guilden."

"I'm glad you came in, Strasser. You have a 'phone, haven't you, to call headquarters?"

Katya released the soldier, her seamed countenance mirroring comprehension, contempt. "Ja," Strasser answered. "Ein *Telefunken*—wireless—fifty meters down the path, where the canal bends."

"That's German efficiency—call Major van Kragg at once. Tell him I shall be late for our pinochle. I am examining a patient here and it's taking me a little longer than I expected."

"Zu befehl, Herr Doktor." Strasser started to salute, remembered in time this was not one of his officers, but only a Hollander they deigned to honor with their friendship. "Aber—"

"But what?"

"The light. It shines through the shade and my orders—"

"I have to have light. If anyone reprimands you for permitting it, refer him to me. You'd better hurry, Strasser. The major does not like to be kept waiting. Thank you and good night."

"Gute nacht, Herr Doktor Guilden."

THE morning sun streamed into his office, but Pieter Guilden hardly realized as he read in the quivering *Musert's* newspaper, the *Nationale Dagblad*, of another heavy R.A.F. raid on Hamburg.

Guilden was reminded by this of the American flyer. He must be well on his way along the Underground "Railway" by now. After forty-eight hours that leg would still be painful but would bear his weight. The fever had been due only to exhaustion. Last night, then, those who take care of such matters had spirited him from Zeendam.

Margriet—and the grandmother—were safe. Comparatively. If the Germans ever found out. . . . A rap of the door knocker broke in on his reverie.

Before he could call, von Kragg was entering, obese, porcine even in his well-fitted black uniform.

"Major!" The doctor sprang up, went around the end of his desk. "This is a pleasant surprise." Schwarz, von Kragg's orderly, followed him in and shut the door. The major grunted something, ignored the chair Guilden pushed forward for him, took instead the one behind the desk. "Sit down, Guilden. I have something to tell you."

The physician sank into the seat his patients usually occupied. Von Kragg balled the *Dagbladet*, tossed it on the floor. "Private Strasser was found on the canal path this morning, by his relief, dead."

Guilden's scalp prickled. "How was he killed?"

"His skull was bashed in." The officer drummed a finger tattoo on the desktop. "So long before he was found that the blood was dry, but not one of his quarter-hourly reports from his sentry 'phone was omitted, all night. Of course," von Kragg shrugged, "one voice sounds like another over the field wireless. Now why, Guilden, do you suppose the assassin risked being caught by some unscheduled patrol?"

"I have no idea."

"I have. To gain as much time as he could for—" He cut off. "By the way, my friend, you were out there two nights ago. The night after a Flying

Fortress crashed in the fields north of here."

"Was I?"

"You were. Strasser entered a house to warn the occupants a light was showing and found you there. You gave him a message for me. Remember?"

"Yes." Guilden's voice was steady. "I recall now. Margriet Imborg had not been feeling right of late and asked me to look her over."

"She came here to fetch you. Why did you not examine her here?"

"My housekeeper had gone to evening services. I never examine a woman unless another is present."

"At your age? Most circumspect. Well. What was wrong with the wench?"

Pieter Guilden was tired of playing mouse to von Kragg's cat. "I cannot answer that question."

"You what? You dare—" The German caught himself, managed a smile. "I see. You do not understand. It is not your pinochle partner who asks. It is as an officer of the Reich."

"I still must refuse to answer." Guilden pushed to his feet, stood before the desk tall and gaunt and a little stooped, but with a curious, quiet dignity. "Major von Kragg. When I received my degree, more years ago than I like to count, I subscribed to the oath every physician in every civilized land has taken since Hippocrates wrote it. There it hangs." His long arm lifted, pointed to a frame on the wall behind the desk. "To place our skill at the service of all who have need of it. To reveal to no one what we learn from any who consult us, or that we see in any home we enter in the practice of our profession. Nothing you can do can make me violate that pledge."

"No?" Von Kragg's smile was sinister now. "Old as you are, you have something to learn." Once more his fingers drummed a tattoo. "Your companion-ship, Dr. Guilden, has made my life in

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this stinking hole almost endurable. Because of that, I shall give you time to think over your decision, but I am compelled to place you under arrest. Schwarz . . .!"

THROUGH the barred window he could see the narrow, cobbled street, across it the familiar row of red brick houses with their stepped roofs. Just opposite was the one where young Willem Laay set up practice just a year before the occupation. How proud he'd been of that bronze plate, still new-looking against the dark portal to which it was screwed. The door was opening. Laay came out. What in the world was he doing with that screwdriver?

Guilden shook his head, looked again. It was no illusion. Laay was unscrewing the nameplate from the door. He finished, took it inside. Now he was out again, a tack hammer in his hand, and a large white cardboard. He held the placard against the door—hesitated, took it down again, came to the middle of the street, held up the paper. Straining, Guilden made out what was printed on it:

BECAUSE THE ARREST OF A COLLEAGUE REVEALS THAT WE CAN NO LONGER PURSUE OUR PROFESSION IN ACCORD WITH ITS ANCIENT TRADITIONS, THE PHYSICIANS OF ZEENDAM HAVE RESIGNED OUR LICENSES TO PRACTICE MEDICINE.

But they must not do that. They must not leave Zeendam without medical attention. The people were half-starved, their resistance was low. Almost any illness might start an epidemic, and it would spread like wildfire. Hold on! Abruptly Guilden was gesturing Laay to come closer, close enough to read the words his lips shaped.

An *ober-leutnant* hurried into view from the left, shouting at Laay. He started running, but before he got near enough to interfere the doctors had finished their silent conversation.

THEY moved Pieter Guilden to another cell whose window faced a blank wall, but that was the only untoward result of the incident. For three days and nights he saw only the surly warder who brought him his scanty meals, talked to no one. Mid-afternoon of the fourth day, he heard footfalls approaching, down the corridor.

The steel door grated open, revealed a warder—and the major himself. Von Kragg came in alone, stood spraddled, glowering. "Well," he growled, "have you had enough?"

The physician smiled wearily. "This is the first vacation I have had in years. I am in no hurry to end it."

The officer's shoulders weaved like a badgered bull's. "You stiff-necked Dutchman! Look here, Guilden. The Imborg woman, the old one, was just in my office. Her granddaughter is

sick. High fever. Red splotches on her belly."

"Hmm." Guilden pursed his lips. "That's bad. That's what I was afraid she might be coming down with."

"What—what is it?"

"It sounds very much like typhus."

"Typhus!" It was a gasp of terror.

"Probably only a mild form. With proper precautions, there is not much fear of its spreading."

"Spreading!"

"Neglected, it might run through all Holland, cross the border. But why did Vrouw Imborg come to you with this?"

"Because your *verdomter* brother doctors in this town refuse to treat anyone until you are released." Von Kragg's face was livid now. "And no physician from another town will touch any of your patients. I'm giving you a parole. You will go there at once and take care of her till she has recovered." He pushed open the cell door. "Go!"

Guilden remained on his cot. "No, von Kragg. A criminal, whether paroled or not, has no right to treat the sick under the Dutch law."

"Blast your Dutch law. I'm the law in Zeendam."

"So you are. But I hold my license under the law of the Netherlands. If that does not exist here, my right to practice does not exist."

"*Donner und Blitz!*" Von Kragg's neck was so swollen his collar cut into the flesh. "What do you want of me?"

The doctor stroked his beard, appeared to ponder. "My freedom," he said gently. "Unconditionally. And your guarantee that you will never again attempt to interfere with my professional privileges, or that of my colleagues."

For a moment he feared the Nazi would have an apoplectic seizure before he could answer. Then, "You have them. Now go!"

LAMPLIGHT glittered on the fireplace's blue tiles, found no disorder in the Imborgs' low-ceiled, immaculate room. Margriet came out of the inner room, laughter dancing in her blue eyes. "I don't know what I'm going to do, doctor," she declared, ruefully. "The red ink won't wash off."

Pieter Guilden chuckled. "Good thing it's where it doesn't show. But there was no real need for that, or for the hot cloths Katya tells me you kept on your head."

"Well, they *might* have found a doctor who'd come to see me. Doctor, what did the American mean when he said, just before they took him away, that you can't beat the Dutch?"

This time the grizzled physician laughed out loud. "It's an old saying they have. And perhaps they're right. Perhaps, while there are girls like you, and men and women, in the Netherlands, Hitler will find out that it takes more than he's got to beat the Dutch."

NOT TO COLLECTIVISM

(Continued from page 23)

lowed by the conniving of "progressive" educators and the "social science extremists" since that date, brought this nation dangerously close to irreparable disaster. The Denver superintendent of schools (1924) was later made the Director of the Lincoln Experimental School, Teachers College, Columbia University, which acted as the central guinea pig for the development of the Rugg Social Science Series of textbooks. The Rugg textbooks perhaps, at one time, reached the classrooms of some four million boys and girls. American history, geography and civics, as such, were not taught in these schools because the Rugg books contain only a smattering of these fundamental subjects.

There is little surprise, then, that this generation which had these propagandizing textbooks foisted on it does not know historical facts, that its members have not heard of our nation's beautiful traditions, know very little geography, and are not familiar with such milestones as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

If we are to be strong in the future as a world power, if our national defense is adequate to every possible emergency, if we are to occupy a position of leadership and be a missionary of democracy to the estranged and ravaged peoples of the world, we must weed out all pacifist teachings from our schools and ignore the teachings of the three score or more peace societies which, with one or two exceptions, are not promoting today any program to help win the war, but are making plans to participate in writing the peace.

Pupil's Workbook of Directed Study, to accompany *Changing Governments and Changing Cultures* (1937), second semester textbook in the ninth year Rugg Social Science Series of textbooks, contains seven pictorial figures. Five of the seven figures caricature the national defense of our nation, while the other two caricature business and capital.

Propagandizing against an adequate national defense, propagandizing for collectivist and socialist principles as against free competitive enterprise, propagandizing for alien isms and foreign ideologies, these, and other equally dangerous features which we of The American Legion hold to be inimical to American traditions and our good American way of life, have been over the years in programs of most of the extremists in education. Their combined efforts are responsible for the ignorance of history and traditions existing now.

Fortunately, the alarming apathy of the nation toward the dismal failure of the social science extremists to teach patriotism and those fundamentals of

government which create an undying love for America in the hearts of youth, has given way to something approaching concern. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, whose Teachers College was spotted as the hotbed for developing the theories of most of the extremists, said recently:

"There is at the present time a vociferous enthusiasm for what is called progressive education, than which, in its extreme form, nothing could be more damaging to youth. . . . This has very properly been described as the rabbit system of education. . . . To call any such process education is in the highest degree absurd. It contradicts all human experience."

Every youth should be taught to work, to know that the days of reconstruction will be hard ones. They should be given an appreciation of our blessings, a love of country, an innate desire to work for the preservation of the freedoms for which we are now fighting. They should be taught *now* what our big jobs are—to help win the war; to prepare for the trying days to follow.

The philosophies of collectivists and those who believe in the socialization of free American economy must be barred from our classrooms.

Yes, we have a big job to do. Americans will play the role of "missionaries of democracy" after the war closes. There will be a demand for good, sound educational counselors to move into the ravaged countries to help guide the reconstruction programs. We are prepared.

But our big job now is here at home. Fundamental weaknesses in the teaching of mathematics, the sciences, and the vocational-technical subjects were discovered by both the Army and the Navy. The number of Selective Service rejections of men coming up for physical examinations has been alarming. And many other "discoveries" made since Pearl Harbor are problems to solve, and present jobs for us to do.

"Reformer" school leaders who have replaced American history, geography, and kindred subjects in our schools with ideologies foreign to the American way; peace "makers" who are not going all out to help win this war; pacifists and appeasers who are not willing to make and keep America strong in the future through a sound national defense; socialists and bureaucrats who are trying to destroy free American economy; and all other obstructionists to the future of a great America, are being asked by the gallant fighters out there in the foxholes, "What of the homeland to which we will return?"

The peace that follows this war will be devoid of meaning if we lose the battle on the home front.

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TO SHORTEN THE WAR

THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

THE invasion of Sicily came too late for mention in the August issue, and as we write this, late in July, the rush of events is such that before you read it Italy may be out of the war. Mussolini, the sawdust Caesar, lasted only two weeks after the Yanks, British and Canadians landed on his big island.

Meanwhile the Russians were enveloping Orel, and the Chinese and the Yanks were giving the Japs hell on the Asiatic continent as well as at Kiska in the Aleutians and in the various sections of the Southwest Pacific. The war news on every front was good.

The month of September brings back to veterans of the First World War memories of the great victories of St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne which, added to the hammer blows struck by the French and British on the Western Front and the collapse of the Central Powers in the Balkans and in Italy, sealed the fate of Germany. The St. Mihiel operations began just 25 years ago September 12th, and the solid results of the first day's fighting were a most satisfactory present to General Pershing for his birthday on the 13th. The General of

the Armies, who was fifty-eight then, will celebrate his eighty-third birthday this year, calmly confident that he will be on hand to welcome the victorious American forces when they come back home.

It is easy to build up a parallel between those days of 1918 and the war situation today. But only fools count on a quick collapse of the Axis. The military and naval leaders of the United Nations are proceeding on the theory that Germany, with her more than 300 Divisions of trained soldiers, won't be conquered this year, and that even when she has yielded we'll face a tough Japan which will be far from a push-over.

Germany *may* be out of the war by New Year's Day of 1944. Stranger things have happened. But our fighting men aren't counting on that. They have but one formula-for-victory: Hit the enemy just as hard and just as often as you can with everything you can get your hands on.

If we on the home front step up the flow of munitions we'll help immeasurably in shortening the war. Let's do it!

WHY NOT YANK?

A recent letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* commenting on the fact that the expression *North American* having been used to designate a citizen or denizen of the United States, declared that Canadians and Mexicans are somewhat miffed at this. Well, if the good old word *American* has become too all-inclusive, because it fits everybody in the Western World, what's the matter with calling us-all *Yanks*? During the first World War the *Stars and Stripes*, the soldiers' newspaper in France, refused to believe that Southerners in the fighting forces who spelled it *damyankée* really had

a yen against their comrades-in-arms from the other side of the Mason-Dixon Line. So it called our soldiers and sailors and Marines *Yanks*. And when the Army established a weekly newspaper early in this war that newspaper called itself *Yank*. Perhaps the eightieth year after Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, in which you will find not a single word of reproach for the men of the South, is as good a time as any to bury the bloody shirt of sectionalism once and for all. The word *Yank* as the familiar name for those who gladly pay homage to the Stars and Stripes would do it.

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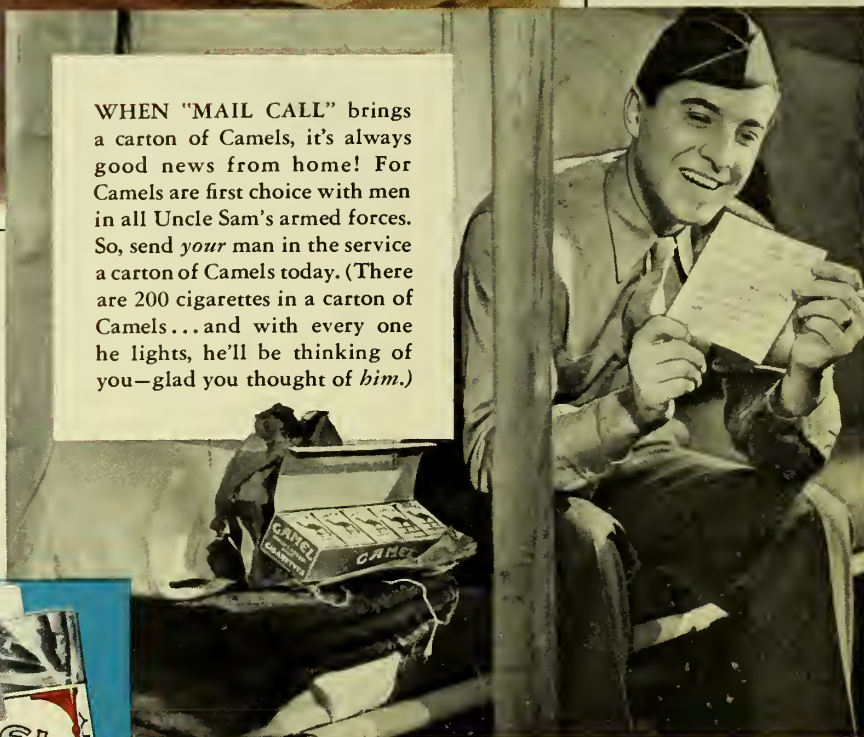
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